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Training Australia's wartime pilots



YOUNG AUSTRALIANS of the R.A.A.F. in Rhodesia for further training.

By an R.A.A.F. Instructor, as told to Alison Parish

If anybody doubts that the enthusiasm of Australia's youth is behind this country's war effort, he should take a look at the chaps who come along to train as pilots for the R.A.A.F.

They are so keen to get on with the job that they need a little tactful curbing, and they never lose their enthusiasm.

THEY come from all parts of Australia, from all walks of life.

In one batch we had motor mechanics, station hands, salesmen, scientists, bank clerks, schoolteachers, a radio announcer, two Rugby blues, an Oxford rowing blue, and a couple of jewellers, as well as

some who came fresh from school.

They were all shapes, sizes, and weights, but they had one thing in common. All were in perfect physical nick.

In the Empire air scheme each pilot goes to a series of schools in a number of different centres, and at each one he receives special training.

First there is the initial training school where the edges are knocked

off the raw recruit. He is taught to drill, the meaning of discipline, is made familiar with the controls of planes and the theory of flying.

Then he is passed on to us at an Elementary Flying Training School at Essendon, Mascot, Parafield, Archerfield, or Narromine.

He stays here for eight strenuous weeks. For the first four weeks he is a junior, for the last four weeks a senior.

In eight weeks he is lectured on engines, air frames, and administration. He learns to pull down and repair engines. He flies dual in a "training" type plane with an instructor.

Then after from eight to ten flying hours he does his first solo flight.

At the end of eight weeks he can roll, spin, loop, and fly blind, and can land his plane under all conditions.

This is a lot to learn in the time. There is no eight-hour day in this game, and students cram as much work into eight weeks as the average business man fits into 20 weeks.

Day begins at 6.30 a.m. Dormitories must be left meticulously clean and tidy. Work "proper" begins after breakfast with parade at 8 o'clock.

While some pupils are flying some are receiving practical instruction on engines, air frames, armament and signals. Lectures on theoretical subjects, navigation, theory of flight and administration are fitted into the day.

Every man must be learning something all the time.

No leave is granted except by special permission, but this doesn't mean that there isn't an adequate amount of leave. The chaps are usually pretty popular in the districts, too. Plenty of invitations come their way, but they don't have enough leave to have too many late nights.

Split seconds

A PILOT must be in perfect physical condition, so drill and physical training are essential. Two hours a day is spent on route marches, and all normal moving round the camp is done at the double.

Nobody is given a job to do in his own time. Everything must be done to the tick. Some day these chaps will be taking part in air raids, and air raids are planned to a split second. Their success or failure may depend on the time factor.

Most of the chaps have never been off the ground when they come here. For them the plane is surrounded by an aura of romance and speed. Some feel a big diffident about what they are about to do.

Then they begin to understand why something heavier than air should stay in the air, to realise there is nothing strange about it after all.

Life changes for the young pilot

Drill and discipline straighten his back, give him a crisp, purposeful gait. His bearing, his appearance, even his point of view is altered.

He gains confidence in himself.

First things are usually hardest to learn, and one of the first is to relax.

I have seen pupils utterly exhausted after half an hour's instruction on straight, level flying, because they would not relax.

But once the pupil relaxes, and relaxes to the point of laziness, control movements become smooth and gentle, and the foundation of a good pilot is well and truly laid.

Unhappy landings

LANDING isn't as easy as it looks, either. One fellow, pretty bright in other respects, performed wretched landings.

His instructor nearly gave him up when he found the pupil had been told the usual thing—to look about 30 yards ahead, but instead of keeping his eyes directed at that distance ahead of the moving plane he had fixed his eyes upon an object 30 yards ahead.

As the plane passed this object he still kept his eyes on it until finally he was trying to land looking over his shoulder.

One instructor specialised in encouraging timid pupils. One of his methods was to ask the pupil whether he could fly the plane and land it safely if the instructor was suddenly incapacitated.

A shaky affirmative forthcoming, the instructor, who by the way always sits in the front cockpit, removed his control column and threw it overboard.

This stunt worked pretty well till one day a pupil followed the instructor's example and threw his control column overboard too. They landed safely, because the instructor always threw out a dummy.

After flying with pupils instructors record their progress in a criticism book. I've heard this called the "abuse book," and on some stations it is always referred to as the "Doomsday Book."

Next the pupil passes onward and upward to one of the Service Flying Training Schools for training on types of aircraft which are used for fighting and bombing.

Main characteristic a pilot needs in just plain nous. He must have initiative and quick-thinking ability.

Generally speaking 90 per cent. of pilots as a class of people are about the same standard, and it's a high one. The remainder are divided slightly below and slightly above. The 5 per cent. above are the chaps who make the headlines.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM
C-in-C, Far East

FIRST to hold the new post of British Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham plans to visit Australia shortly to confer with the Commonwealth Government. His vast command includes Malaya, Burma, Ceylon, and Hongkong.

Governor of Kenya at the outbreak of war, he resigned to rejoin the R.A.F. Later was chief R.A.F. member of the British Air Mission to Canada to establish the Empire Air Training Scheme.



DR. K. ARDILL-BRICE
... for others

AWARDED an O.B.E. in the New Year honors, Dr. Katie Ardill-Brice, of Sydney, served with the R.A.M.C. in the last war, joining up soon after graduating from Sydney University in 1914. After the war she started a clinic for dependents of returned soldiers, which is now visited by over 3000 patients yearly.

She does a great deal of honorary work at South Sydney Women's Hospital (founded by her father, Mr. G. Ardill, M.B.E.) and at R.P.A. Hospital, and is also an executive member of St. John Ambulance. She is a fine pianist and plays a good round of golf.



K. KLEAVER AND E. ORTMAN
Ferry pilots

FAMOUS Americans aiding Britain's war effort are the U.S.A. star pilot Ken Kleaver, who has seventeen years' flying experience in his own country and hails from California, and Earl Ortman, air-racing pilot from New York.

They are serving in the British Air Transport Auxiliary, ferrying planes from the factories to the airfields. This auxiliary is a valuable adjunct to the R.A.F.



Make this a page from your life!

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only—it is the birthright of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so important as to know the art of fascination—most of all, the irresistible appeal of a petal-soft skin. For even an ordinary complexion takes on a smooth and pearl-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Delicate as chiffon, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounds the wearer with a hint of an unforgettable charm.



DON'T send them hand-knitted socks

**Comforts Commissioner says
A.I.F. needs long machine-
made stockings**

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

"Tell the women of Australia they are wasting their time hand-knitting socks for men overseas."

This statement, which may surprise Australian women, was made by Major Eugene Gorman, Commissioner of the Australian Comforts Fund, who has just flown from Egypt to Australia. He granted The Australian Women's Weekly a special breakfast-time interview to discuss the question of comforts for the troops.

"THE men are in shorts most of the time," said Major Gorman. "What they need are long machine-made standardised stockings which fit far better than hand-made ones."

"It is simply useless to load them up with hand-made short socks. They can be a jolly nuisance, for the soldier's carrying capacity when on the move is very limited."

Major Gorman had been working for a couple of hours when I saw him in the lounge of his hotel, about 8 o'clock the morning after his arrival in Australia.

He admitted that he had hoped to see his barber before our interview, but sat down and proceeded to talk about the job which is of vital interest to so many Australians in the three services and at home.

"Let me say at once that the best method of helping the Comforts Fund is by direct cash giving," he said firmly.

"Do Australian people realise the enormous demands that will have to be met by the A.C.F. with so many men overseas?"

"With the increased taxation it is going to be a strain on everyone, but the demand will have to be met somehow."

"We have had plenty of verbal bricks hurled at us from various quarters, and some people here at home, as well as abroad, seem to take a delight in spreading malicious rumors."

"Let me explain more fully," went on Major Gorman briskly.

Tremendous job

THE whole social life of the army is grouped around the Comforts Fund.

"A lot of people think that its major work is the distribution of cigarettes and socks . . . They are quite wrong."

"In Jerusalem the Past Hotel was taken over by Lieutenant-Colonel Goward for the A.C.F."

"It accommodates 200 men a night, at a minimum price, which includes transport to and from camps, and sightseeing trips around Jerusalem."

"I might mention here that recently we extended hospitality facilities to New Zealanders, who have been most grateful to come over from Egypt to spend their leave at the hotel."

"Yet people will criticise that, and ask why we don't keep our facilities for our own men," said Major Gorman tersely.

"In addition in Palestine, during the whole summer at Gaza (the beach centre), every day we give out tea, cake, and cigarettes free, and I might say that we have on occasions served up to 5000 men in one day."

"At Tel Aviv the tearoom is kept going continuously, winter and summer."

"At Alexandria we took over the four-storied Hotel Atlantic after terrific difficulties . . . I could give you dozens of stories on that," said the Commissioner.

"It is a club for soldiers on regular leave, and sailors and airmen."

"I assure you it was an eye-opener to me to see how many men could stand on one square foot of flooring, when the sailors came in and added to the A.I.F. and Air Force," he said.

Navy comforts

THE sailors are most appreciative of that service, and we are in continual touch with unnamed ships to arrange for the distribution of comforts to them. Our relations with the Navy are most satisfactory.

"Of course, it's a 'nice, easy' job to take over an hotel in a foreign country," said Major Gorman.

"Major McDonnell, former secretary to the Governor of Queensland, had that 'nice, easy' job. He had more than 40 native servants to manage, and there was no kitchen and no shower-rooms."

"He made such a successful job of it that now we have taken a nearby building where men can be served with their drinks sitting in a comfortable lounge."

"We make no attempt to run the hotel at a profit, and to install it cost £3000 for such things as beds, mattresses, blankets, and sheets."

"I assure you I could run an hotel myself," he continued, as he mentioned that six sheets were purchased as equipment for each bed."

"In addition, all recreational huts in camps are equipped with tables, chairs, games, and so on from Comforts Funds."

"The Federal spirit of the Comforts Fund MUST be maintained," said Major Gorman.

"There are at least a dozen reasons why Unit Comforts Funds cannot satisfactorily be forwarded for overseas distribution, most of which are to be found from lessons learned in the last war, and which are even more applicable in this war."

"Unit Comforts Funds will be useful, provided they work in their proper province. There will be plenty to do among the women who are left in Australia," he said.

"As regards individual gifts to the men, the ideal gift is a pair of machine-made stockings, and some



MAJOR EUGENE GORMAN, Commissioner for the Australian Comforts Fund, who has just flown back from Egypt.

tobacco, but here is another warning.

"It is not worth while sending tobacco to Egypt, because of the duty. The A.C.F. can supply it to troops in that area."

"If people have the fantastic idea that we can line the men up every Monday morning and hand out comforts to them, let me explain that this is a WAR we are fighting, and our men are spread out over a cross section of 1000 miles, and always on the move," he said.

"Military activities must come first, and very naturally the military authorities on occasion say to us: 'Keep out of the road.' Our job is to help, not hinder, the military."

"Any wives and mothers who have not heard regularly from their men within the last few weeks must understand that it is a practical impossibility for the men in Libya to write home."

"There is no need to be uneasy about their silence, which is due to local conditions."

Leather jackets

IN spite of the extraordinary cold in Libya, the men are reasonably comfortable, due to the leather jerkins recently issued to them by the Army," said Major Gorman.

"You might say to any women who have influence over their men, and of course they all have, that they should remind any of the men who go overseas that they are ambassadors for their country to a far greater degree than many of them realise," he said.

Major Gorman was at Bardia during and after the battle. He described it as a triumph of British organisation with all three services deserving the honor and glory.

"Are the Australians well equipped?" he exclaimed in answer to my query. "They're the best equipped army since the time of Alexander the Great."

Finally I asked his opinion on Australian women being sent to overseas canteens.

"Say, I have bought into enough fights already without that one," he said.



"DAMP-SET" Hair Style ... Says Hollywood

So many smart girls to-day have discovered this secret of having their hair as fascinating as some of the younger Hollywood stars — without enduring agonies to get it, and to keep it looking that way!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is "damp-setting" — just as they do in the studios.

A "damp-set" with Velmol is perfect on any hair . . . to keep any hair-style looking its very best.

And it's so easy! — All you do is run a wet comb through your hair . . . Then moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush the Velmol evenly through the hair . . . And then, simply arrange your hair with fingers and comb, just as you like it best.

That's all there is to a Velmol "damp-set." Takes about 4 minutes, and leaves your hair with a sparkling, silky-soft, natural appearance — never oily or "stiff" — yet always in place, all day or all evening.

A Velmol "damp-set" holds a finger wave for days. And "damp-setting" makes a perm. last a lot longer.

Ask for a 2/- bottle of VELMOL, to-day, at your Chemist or Store.



COMFORTS for A.I.F. in England. A Digger unpacks sporting gear supplied by the Australian Comforts Fund.

KING gives consent to Mountbatten marriage



AT THE Coronation. Lady Iris, then a debutante of 16 years, was one of the six beautiful English girls chosen to carry the Queen's train.

Lady Iris to wed tall Irish Guardsman, Saturday, February 22

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Shortest service in the history of Royal weddings will be the simple wartime ceremony uniting Lady Iris Mountbatten and Captain O'Malley on February 22.

Lady Iris is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria and therefore subject to the Royal Marriage Act, which decrees that the consent of the King must be obtained before she may marry.

LADY Iris Mountbatten, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who is to marry Captain Keyes O'Malley, of the Irish Guards.

BLONDE, blue-eyed and 21. Lady Iris at a pre-blitz theatrical show for war funds.

CUPID'S demands on His Majesty's time had to take second place to the King's many war duties, and so the engagement announcement and wedding plans were held up for five weeks.

Arrangements are now complete for the simple ceremony at Brompton Oratory on February 22.

Lady Iris will depart from the tradition whereby Royal brides go to the altar unveiled.

Instead of conventional white satin and lace she intends to wear a hat with a veil as part of its trimming and a simple afternoon dress and coat.

The color will most probably be blue, which is the favorite of this blonde, blue-eyed, twenty-one-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke.

Bridegroom is 6ft. 4in.

CAPTAIN Hamilton Joseph Keyes O'Malley took advantage of the five weeks' wait for the King's permission to his marriage with Lady Iris Mountbatten to change his name from O'Malley Keyes.

His father assumed the additional name of Keyes, and as the captain is now chief of the O'Malleys he has reverted to the original family name.

He is one of the tallest officers in the Irish Guards—six feet four tall. Cousins of the King, the Mountbattens hold an important position in English life.

Lord Louis, serving with the navy, the only member of Royalty to be awarded the D.S.O., is a cousin of Lady Iris, while her father, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, is the business member of the Royal Family.

He devotes his time and energy to enormous housing estates for slum dwellers, as well as being an active director of the drapery business of John Lewis, which was partly burned out in the early days of the blitz.

He is a brother of Queen Ena of Spain, and Lady Iris spent much of her childhood in Spain, and speaks Spanish fluently.

She was brought up with the children of the ill-fated Spanish Royal Family, and was in Spain immediately before the revolution that unseated Alfonso.

She left as the result of a visit to a fortune-teller, who saw in the crystal a large patch of blood, and advised Lady Iris to go home.

Lady Iris' mother is a daughter of the Earl of Londesborough.

One of the greatest of England's charity organisers, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke's lifelong work has been raising funds to support the Princess Beatrice Hospital, called after the youngest of Queen Victoria's daughters, who was the mother of the Marquess and grandmother of Lady Iris.

Princess Beatrice is still alive, and lives with the Carisbrookes in the Sussex home of the Athlones during their sojourn in Canada.

Formerly they lived at Kensington Palace.

Lady Iris made her debut in Coronation year, so had to have special permission of the King to be trainbearer for the Queen at the Coronation ceremony, for a "deb." could not officially be a trainbearer, too.

She was a bridesmaid to Princess Marina when she became Duchess of Kent.

Sideface Lady Iris bears a strong resemblance to Queen Victoria.

Like most of the youthful socialites, Lady Iris threw herself into war work.

With uprolled sleeves, apron, and hair tucked up beneath a cap she could be seen any day at the Y.M.C.A. canteen at Charing Cross serving out teas and pies.

When her family moved to Sussex, Lady Iris became a V.A.D. at East Grinstead Hospital, but as her home when married will be at Chelsea, she'll return to the canteen.

OUR FICTION SCOOP

THE Australian Women's Weekly has obtained the greatest story of the war at sea yet written. Its title is "Enemy Sighted," by Alec Hudson, and it begins as a serial next week. Remember Hudson's "Battle Stations"? ... Well, this is better.

Short stories in next issue all reach a very high standard.

"Campaign in Abyssinia," by William Arthur Breyfoyle, is the first story to be published in Australia about the Empire's campaign against Italy.

For thriller interest there is famous Dorothy Sayers' mystery murder, "In the Teeth of the Evidence," and to conclude on a good laugh, "Monkey Business," by Richard Wormser, the most hilarious thing you've read in a twelvemonth.

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VOILE

Fresh as Springtime are these "air-conditioned" Berleis in floral voile—a special fourfold voile, twice as strong as dress voile.

Elastic sections give effective moulding, but don't restrict your freedom. Their cool, easy way of doing nice things for your figure is the perfect foundation of

smart comfort on summer days and evenings.

Take years off your figure with a

Berlei

The Foundation of Beauty

FREE BEAUTY BOOKS! "BEAUTY IN THE BALANCE" AND "YOUR BOSOM SECRET"—WRITE BOX 389177, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Jimmy had to be a glamor boy. The only trouble was that he didn't look like one.

RIGHT from the beginning of his career there was trouble about Jimmy's face. It was a good enough face in its way—roundish, freckled, topped by a brush of light brown hair; but Jimmy Bolt happened to be one of the best dancers in the world, and above his superbly nimble body and marvellously intelligent feel that ingenious countenance was out of place.

It completely spoiled, for instance, one of his best numbers: the wonderful half-danced, half-mimed "Aristocrat of the French Revolution." From the first careless minuet—step to the last salute before the guillotine the thing was perfect, fascinating the eye and pulling at the heartstrings—until one looked at Jimmy's face. Even under make-up and a wig it remained the face of a nice boy at a fancy-dress ball; the illusion was shattered.

And Jimmy was a tap-dancer also, performing in white tie and tails with no make-up at all, which was worse still. However sophisticated his feet, his face was irretrievably small-town; and from the point of view of his employers this was a grave disadvantage.

"It's no use, Jimmy," said Mr. Cartwright sadly. "You may be the best dancer in the world, but you haven't any glamor."

Jimmy sighed. Mr. Cartwright was his manager, and Jimmy had a great respect for him. Later, when Mr. Cartwright had his big idea, that respect amounted to reverence.

"You've got to wear a mask," said Mr. Cartwright. "Always."

"Always?" repeated Jimmy uneasily.

"Well, not at home, perhaps," conceded Mr. Cartwright. "But whenever you appear before your public. I know the very fellow to fix you up."

The fellow known by Mr. Cartwright turned out to be a Frenchman named Lerougetel, who listened to Jimmy's tale with much interest, and who within the space of two weeks produced a mask so admirable as to be cheap at fifty guineas. It was worldly, yet wistful. It hinted at secret sorrows and a wide experience.

It was so slightly conventionalised that at a little distance it could be taken for a real countenance, and even at short range its artificiality was not obtrusive. People were aware, when talking to Jimmy, that he wore a mask, but sometimes they found themselves forgetting.

MR. CARTWRIGHT rapidly spread a rumor that this visor was indeed but a replica of the dancer's own face—a good story which also made it easy for Jimmy to go about, as he liked, incognito. In complexion the mask was olive; the eyebrows and cap of patent-leather hair were bluish-black. Down the left cheek—and this was the crowning touch—ran a faint scar such as might have been left by a sabre-stroke. It was a pencil.

To suit the new face Mr. Cartwright thought up a new name; and as Jan Brock Jimmy Bolt started his career afresh. Whereas he had been a success, he now became a sensation. He was starred in revue, and also appeared at the more expensive night-clubs. Debutantes sighed for him by the dozen. Their elder sisters, slightly more discreet, manoeuvred cocktail parties and supper parties to which he could be invited. Even matrons and dowagers asked him to tea. But all these advances Jimmy rejected.

He had to. His mask could do a lot for him, but it could not eat, and Jimmy was always too hungry between shows to care to go to a party where he would have to sit about unfed. His real face, moreover, was the true index to his character; apart from his dancing he was one of the simplest souls alive.

His heart's desire was for a motor-bike, which Mr. Cartwright refused to let him have on the ground that his limbs were too valuable to risk at seventy miles an hour, and ever since an unfortunate experience in early youth, when the girl of his dreams had likened his face to a



Illustrated
by WEP

FACE VALUE

Complete Short Story by

MARGERY SHARP

Cynical and mysterious, the mask stared back at Caroline.

current-bun, he had fought shy of women; so society frightened rather than allured him.

Even when he was making two hundred a week Jimmy still lived on a modest scale with his mother and sister in their little house at Streatham. He was saving hard. He knew how short the life of a dancer could be, and every time an ex-chorus-boy touched him for a drink a cold shiver went down Jimmy's spine. He calculated that if his luck and talent held out for another three years his mother and sister at least would be safe for life.

Such and suchlike were the meditations that went on behind the Lerougetel mask of mystery and sophistication. Jimmy also thought a great deal, of course, about his dancing; but apart from that he thought about his mother, and his sister, and his money.

Until one night he met Caroline Drew.

He met her at a big charity ball, where he was appearing as the highlight of the cabaret. Royalty was present, and Royalty applauded him. Jimmy bowed for the last time and scudded away behind the bank of azaleas that covered the entrance to the improvised dressing-rooms; and there, as he paused to get his breath, he saw this girl standing by herself.

She had very smooth fair hair, and a black dress, and Jimmy at once felt drawn to her because she was so unlike all the other women present. She was just as well groomed as they were, and far prettier than most of them, but there was something about her which Jimmy at once recognised as akin to something in himself.

She had an air of responsibility, of having to earn her own living and being a little anxious about it; and oddly enough (since this was what attracted him) Jimmy at the same time felt that she oughtn't to have to work at all.

The girl spoke to him. "Mr. Brock!" she said. "You—you were wonderful!"

Jimmy had of course heard that identical phrase more times than he could remember, but now it sounded different. He grinned with pleasure, and then realised that she couldn't see his expression because of his mask; and he couldn't take his mask off because there were too many members of his public snooping around. He said:

"Thanks. Thanks awfully."

His voice sounded queer even to himself. It always came rather hollow and impersonal through those papier-mache lips, and he felt that to this girl he must seem as expressionless and uncorridal as a dummy. She was still looking at him with admiration, but also with distinct nervousness. He tried again.

"Are you—are you enjoying the ball?"

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Drew, surprised. "I'm not really at the ball, you know. I'm describing the frocks for my paper. And I stayed longer than I should have to see you dance. It was such an opportunity."

BEHIND his mask Jimmy looked surprised in turn. After all, he appeared on the stage eight times a week, besides doing a night-club afterwards . . .

"Can't you get seats?" he hazarded. "Oh, yes! I've seen your show four times—but always from the gallery or pit, because stalls are so expensive. And I wanted to see you close. It's awful to go on saying it—but I do think you're wonderful!"

"Thanks," said Jimmy again. "Thanks awfully. Look here, if you'll tell me your name, and what night you can go, I'll leave a seat for you at the box-office."

Her face lit up. She stammered with excitement.

"Will you really? My name's Caroline Drew, and I could go this Thursday—or Monday. Monday would be better, wouldn't it?"

Jimmy liked that. It showed that she appreciated the economics of the

box-office. But Monday was a full week off.

"Thursday," he said. "Could you use a couple?"

"Of course! I'll take my sister!"

So she had a sister, too, Jimmy liked her more and more. He wanted to go on talking to her, but a bevy of amateur Autumn Leaves, ready to do their worst in the next ballet, began at that moment to issue from the dressing-rooms. Miss Drew looked at her watch and uttered a small wail of distress.

"I've got to go!" she cried. But she paused an instant longer; she looked at Jimmy and drew a deep breath. "Mr. Brock," she said, "I'm going to do something terrible. I'm going to ask if I can come round after the show and get an interview. I know you never give them as a rule—but just three sentences—just one—and a description of your dressing-room—would be such a break for me! Please, Mr. Brock—"

"Of course," said Jimmy. "I'll expect you"; and he never even considered, until after Miss Drew had disappeared, what Cartwright would say to this casual breaking of a hitherto inflexible rule.

In the end Cartwright said nothing, because Jimmy did not tell him. He decided that if his manager were about he would introduce Miss Drew not as a journalist, but as a friend. As things turned out, however, Cartwright was not even in the theatre, and when Jimmy came back after six curtain-calls he found Caroline in his dressing-room alone.

"I thought I'd be here waiting," she said, "so as not to waste your time, in case you want to get me over at once, before you change. Your dresser's just gone down the corridor."

Jimmy was startled. He had left instructions that Miss Drew was to be admitted, but only (or so he thought) in the most casual way. This display of tact on the part of

his valet seemed to show that he had thought wrong.

"That's grand," he said vaguely. "Sit down. Have a cigarette. Where's your sister?"

"Mary? She's gone home. We thought—we thought you might have rather a crowd."

"I don't like crowds," said Jimmy. He hesitated, and then went on: "As a matter of fact, you're the first person, except chaps connected with my work, who's ever been in this room."

"Oh," said Caroline.

Her businesslike air suddenly deserted her. The notebook and pencil dropped from her hands. But she smiled with frank pleasure, and Jimmy grinned back—until he remembered that she could not see his face. He turned to the mirror, reaching up to take off his mask, and through the glass met her eyes, watchful and adoring. She flushed like a schoolgirl, and at once shifted her gaze to the solitary photograph stuck in the mirror's frame.

"Is that your family?"

"Yes," said Jimmy. "At Streatham."

"I like your kid brother," said Miss Drew.

Jimmy leant forward in astonishment. The group, taken in the garden, showed his mother and his sister and himself. He was wearing flannel trousers and a sweater, and—naturally—no mask. It took him a moment to realise what Caroline had meant; her next words showed her to be more deeply in error still. She had evidently taken the movement of his head for an affirmative nod.

"I know just what he's like," she continued, laughing. "Terribly nice, and rather young for his age, and he either owns a motor-bike or else passionately longs for one."

"He longs for one," said Jimmy. "I know it! And he falls violently in love, poor lamb, with girls who think he's a dear but hurt his feelings by laughing at him."

Please turn to page 40

BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

In a grand climax of quick wits and relentless action, our brilliant mystery serial is brought to a startling surprise ending.

Illustrated by SANTRY



"S-snake, I loathe and detest you," quavered Stella.

IT had happened at last. Hotly, impulsively, Guy had virtually accused Randall of his aunt's murder, to which Randall flippantly retorted that he had long expected such an accusation.

Mrs. Lupton fixed him with a cold, appraising stare. "Yes," she said slowly, "it is perfectly true that you have sufficient medical knowledge to have done this terrible thing, Randall, though what reason you could have had for poisoning your Aunt Harriet I fail to see. But perhaps the Superintendent is not aware that you were training to be a doctor when your father died?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lupton, I am aware of that," Hannasyde replied.

"I do not say that it has necessarily any bearing on this case," said Mrs. Lupton fairly. "But the fact remains that you have all that medical knowledge. You had also the strongest motive of anyone for murdering your uncle Gregory."

Stella said, grasping the arms of her chair: "No! No he hadn't. He doesn't want uncle's money. He told me himself he was going to get rid of it."

An astonished silence greeted her words. Hannasyde, closely watching Randall, saw a flicker of annoyance in his face, and caught the gleam of warning in the look he flashed at Stella.

Guy broke the silence. "You—don't—want—uncle's—money?" he repeated. "What rot! I never heard such a tale!"

HE burst out laughing, but Hannasyde's voice cut through his laughter. "That is very interesting, Mr. Matthews. May I know why you don't want your inheritance?"

"It's as plain as a pikestaff!" said Guy scornfully. "He said it so that no one should suspect him of having poisoned uncle."

"Thank you," said Hannasyde. "But I spoke to your cousin, Mr. Matthews, not to you."

Randall was frowningly regarding the tip of his cigarette. He raised his eyes when Hannasyde spoke, and answered pensively: "Well, do you know, I like to shock my family now and then, my dear Superintendent."

"You did not by any chance mean what you said to Miss Stella Matthews?"

Randall's lip curled sardonically. "Is it possible that anyone could wish to be rid of a large fortune?" he said mockingly. "The answer is to be read in my relatives' expressive countenances. They are more profoundly shocked than if it had been proved to them that I murdered my uncle and my aunt." He moved towards the table and put his cigarette out in the ashtray that stood on it.

"However, what I mean to do with my inheritance is not in the least relevant to the matter on hand. You mustn't think that I don't know how much you would like my deplorable relatives to continue their artless and revealing discussions, but—I think not, Superintendent. I think not! Let us stick to my aunt's death, shall we?"

"You do not really believe that I had any hand in that—ah, setting aside my cousin Stella's engaging theory, of course. You suspect, and so does my dear Aunt Gertrude, that my clever Aunt Zoe is the guilty party. I don't blame you in the least. I will even go so far as to say that I don't blame my dear Aunt Gertrude either. With her own fair hands my clever aunt built up the

case against herself, and I must say it does her credit.

"It worries you, doesn't it, Superintendent? My Aunt Harriet's death has upset a cherished theory of your own; in fact, it is quite out of order."

He paused, but Hannasyde only said: "Go on, Mr. Matthews."

"It worried me, too," Randall said. "But I have slightly the advantage of you. I know more about the eccentricities of my family. I admit I was quite at sea until I heard how the poison had been administered. But an idea has occurred to me." He looked round the room. "Do any of you know what became of Uncle Gregory's tube of toothpaste?" he inquired.

No one answered for a moment; blank faces stared at him. Then Stella's chair scraped on the polished floor as she suddenly sprang up. "Randall!" she gasped. "You're perfectly right! Aunt Harriet took it!"

"I thought as much," said Randall.

Mrs. Matthews said in a stupefied way: "Harriet took Gregory's toothpaste? To use? Well, really! How very distasteful!"

"Are you sure of this, Miss Matthews?" Hannasyde asked.

"Yes. Oh, perfectly sure! I'd forgotten all about it until my cousin

asked that question. Then I remembered at once. It was the very day uncle died. My aunt had his room turned out, and I met her on the landing, carrying all sorts of oddments she'd collected. I can't remember what they were—I know she had uncle's face-flannel, which she said would do for a cleaning rag, and I distinctly remember her showing me a tube of toothpaste.

"It was half-used, and she said she saw no reason to waste it, and was going to use it herself when she'd finished her own."

Sergeant Hemingway, who had been till now a silent but an intensely interested auditor, said: "That accounts for the empty tube we found, Superintendent. She'd only just come to the end of it. It puzzled me a bit, that empty one being left on the washstand when it looked as though she'd been using the other for several days."

Hannasyde nodded. Guy blurted out: "Then—then Aunt Harriet's death was a pure accident?"

Mrs. Lupton drew a deep breath. "If this story is true, I can only say that it is a judgment on Harriet!" she announced. "I warned her that her exaggerated economies would come to no good. She would not listen to me, and here is the result! It puts me out of all patience. I am utterly disgusted!"

"Gertrude dear, remember that you are speaking of the dead," said Mrs. Matthews reproachfully.

Hannasyde was still looking at Stella. "Miss Matthews, can you remember what time it was when you met your aunt on the landing?"

Stella thought for a minute. "Well, I don't think I can, quite. I know it was before lunch. Somewhere about twelve—but I wouldn't swear to it. It might have been later."

"Not earlier?"

"No, I'm sure it wasn't earlier." "Until your aunt went to turn it out, was your uncle's bathroom locked?"

She shook her head. "Oh no! His bedroom wasn't, either."

"Could anyone have gone into the bathroom without being seen, do you think?"

"Yes, easily. I should imagine. Why should—oh! To take that tube away, and burn it!" She looked round, puzzled. "But no one did."

By Georgette Heyer

Then—then it looks as though it wasn't anyone living in the house, doesn't it?"

"We don't know that Fielding didn't try," said Guy. "But he didn't get the chance, because Beecher went up to uncle's room with him." "I'm sure it wasn't Deryk," answered Stella shortly.

"Well, what about Randall?" said Guy. "Just as a matter of interest, dear cousin Randall, what were you doing on the landing that day I found you talking to Stella at the top of the stairs?"

"Just talking to Stella at the top of the stairs, dear cousin Guy," replied Randall blandly.

"Stella, what had he been up to?" Stella glanced fleetingly at Randall, and saw that he was watching her with a faint smile. "I don't know," she said. "You had better ask him. Anyway, Randall hadn't been near the house for days." She stopped, and her eyes widened.

"Exactly!" said Guy triumphantly. "Randall hadn't been near the house for days, and therefore Randall never even came under suspicion. But the poison could have been put into the toothpaste at any time, and none of Randall's perfect alibis exists any longer. He hasn't got an alibi!"

Everyone but Stella looked at Randall. Stella cried hotly: "You're a little cad, Guy! Randall never tried to cast suspicion on to you!"

"Randall's said every spiteful, low-down thing—"

"Yes, because half the time we asked for it! But he didn't try to do the dirty on you, and you know it!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Guy, surprised into forgetfulness of his surroundings. "You yourself said he was an amiable snake!"

A low laugh escaped the subject of this argument. "My sweet, did you really?" said Randall. "What a classic phrase!"

"I daresay I did once, but—"

"Oh, don't take it back!" said Randall. "I like it. And don't bite your little brother's head off either."

That isn't a bit necessary. It is perfectly true—one might say obvious—that I have no alibi, but then Superintendent Hannasyde, who is quite as quick in the uptake as Guy, if not quicker, probably realised that for himself some time ago. If you

look carefully at him you will observe a slight hint of annoyance—one might almost say chagrin—in his face.

"That is because he, unlike Guy, has also realised that my entry into the ranks of suspects hasn't eliminated all other suspects, but has merely enlarged the field."

Hannasyde had listened to this with an unmoved countenance. He said in his impersonal way: "That is quite true, Mr. Matthews. But at the same time—"

"Moreover," continued Randall, lighting another cigarette, "you have no better case against me than you have against anyone else. It is true that I have inherited quite a lot of money, but the most cursory investigation into my affairs will convince you (in spite of the belief current among my relations that I have run through a fortune) that I stand in no need of my uncle's money."

"That may also be true," said Hannasyde. "Nor do I propose to go into the matter with you at this particular moment."

Randall looked round the room. "No, there is rather a crowd," he agreed. "Stella, my lamb, let us withdraw, and perhaps that will put it into Aunt Gertrude's head that she is not really wanted here."

He clasped his fingers round her wrist as he spoke, and drew her towards the door. Sergeant Hemingway looked quickly at the Superintendent, but Hannasyde made no sign. Mrs. Lupton began to say that she expected nothing but rudeness from Randall, but before she could finish her severe and well-wordsed speech he had gone.

In the hall he paused and looked down at Stella, the smile lingering about the corners of his mouth. "Well, my love?" he said. "Why didn't you tell the police that you found me coming out of uncle's bathroom?"

"I don't know," said Stella childishly.

"Let us go into the morning-room," he said. "I have a much worse question coming."

STELLA allowed herself to be led into the morning-room, but said: "Well, only for a minute, then. I—I can't stop long."

Randall paid no heed to this. He shut the door, and said quite gravely: "Why did you run to me as though I were your one hope of deliverance, Stella?"

She blushed. "Oh, I didn't! I mean—you told me you'd see the thing through, and—and I thought you might help us. I was a bit upset." She gave a nervous little laugh. "Sorry I clutched your beautiful coat!"

The smile had gone; there was not even a gleam of mockery lurking beneath those long lashes. "My coat did not matter," said Randall.

"Oh! Well, one wouldn't have said so, considering the way you—"

"My dear, did you think I was going to let you give yourself away with all our relations present?"

"Give myself—!" Stella broke off, choking. "I don't know what you think you're talking about, but—"

"Don't dither, my sweet. Tell me, is my grey hair an insuperable bar to matrimony?"

"Yes!" said Stella hurriedly. "I mean—"

Please turn to page 26

"An unidentified plane crossed the east coast at 6 o'clock this morning, made a wide circle inland, and disappeared out to sea."

THAT was what the newspapers said. It was not surprising that the plane was unidentified, for not only was the morning dark, but there was also a thick ground fog. In fact, conditions were eminently suitable for the arrival of Wilhelm Dussel.

As the parachute neared the ground, Dussel braced himself against the impact by clutching the cords above his head. He landed in heather, rolled over a couple of times, jumped to his feet and freed himself from the harness.

A small folding spade was attached to the parachute; he fixed the handle and dug a hole in the black heath soil. Having buried the parachute he took a thickly-cut sandwich from the pocket of his tweed jacket and munched it while he waited for dawn.

Dawn! he thought. No spy likes that word.

His preparations were as complete as ingenuity could devise. He wore Harris tweed plus fours and jacket. His English was flawless, for he had spoken the language since he was a child; his fair hair, pleasant blue eyes, and cleanly-cut

RUN, RABBIT, RUN

Secret Service Drama

By ARTHUR MILLS

features were the normal characteristics of a northern European.

He carried a passport stating that his name was George Marshal; it was a beautifully-forged document, showing the visas permitting him to embark from Capetown and land in England. Nobody in England knew him by sight, for he had never been in the country before.

The only real risk he ran—it was slight but would be fatal—was of meeting someone from the little Rhodesian town where he had been reared. Any such person would know that he was Wilhelm Dussel, son of old Gustav Dussel, who had come to South Africa from Germany in 1920. They would know, too, that Wilhelm Dussel had gone back to Germany to do his military service in 1937, and never returned to his father's farm.

WHEN day came he set out across the moor, walking in the direction of a line of telegraph posts which he believed marked a road. Coming to the road he proceeded along it till it brought him to the outskirts of the town of Scarborough. One town would suit his purpose as well as another. His immediate needs were a suitcase and more clothes. He came into Scarborough at nine, had breakfast at a teashop, made his purchases, and proceeded to the railway station.

He reached London that same evening, taking a room at an hotel in the St. Pancras district. He had a bath, changed into a lounge suit, and ate a good dinner. The night flight, parachute jump, tramp to Scarborough and train journey had made him sleepy; but one thing more had to be done. Leaving the dining-room he crossed the hall to a telephone box and dialled a Victoria number. A woman's voice answered, round and deep-toned: "Hullo! Who is there?"

"My name is Marshal. Can I speak to Mr. Hering?"

"My husband has gone out. Can I give him a message?" The voice was not cordial.

"Please tell him I am staying at the St. Pancras Hotel and would be glad if he would let me know when I can see him."

"Very well, Mr. Marshal."

He heard the receiver being put

down. Looking at his watch Dussel saw the time was five minutes past nine. After leaving word with the hall porter where he could be found he went into the reading-room and settled in a chair with a paper. At a quarter to ten a pageboy came into the room followed by a short, stout man.

The page said, "Gentleman to see you, sir," and left the room.

The short, stout man advanced. "Mr. Marshal?" he inquired, holding out his hand.

"Yes," Dussel said. "You are Mr. Hering?"

"I am. I was not expecting you so soon," Hering said.

Dussel nodded. "I couldn't give you an exact date."

"I understand," Hering looked keenly at Dussel; he seemed to be waiting for something.

"What would you like to drink?" Dussel asked.

"A whisky and soda, with a slice of lemon, please."

Dussel crossed over to the bell. "One whisky and soda with lemon and a whisky and soda plain," he told the waiter.

Until the drinks came both men seemed uneasy. When the waiter returned carrying a tray Hering took a glass and began to drink. Dussel left his whisky and soda untouched on the table.

"Aren't you going to drink?" Hering asked.

"I am waiting for your piece of lemon," Dussel answered.

Hering looked round the room; they were alone; he relaxed at once. "All right; now you have identified yourself we can talk."

"What are my orders?" Dussel asked.

Hering took an irritatingly long time choosing a cigarette from his case; he lit the cigarette and took three or four puffs before he spoke. "You are going to be a British officer," he said.

"How do you propose to arrange that?" Dussel asked.

"By providing you with uniform; that is all you will need. Your appearance is British; English is your native tongue; you will say truthfully that you have lived all your life in South Africa, which will

account for your ignorance of things in this country."

"How did I get my commission?"

"You came from a colonial cadet corps."

"And my regiment?"

Hering mentioned one of the most famous regiments in the British Army.

"Impossible!" Dussel exclaimed. "I know nothing of their history or customs. I should not last three days before I was found out."

"You won't have to last three days—a few hours at most should be enough. Now listen carefully while I tell you exactly what you are to do."

DUSSEL listened; when Hering had finished he said: "What about yourself?"

Hering shrugged: "I am a neutral; my papers are in order; nobody will touch me. Why should they interfere with a respectable merchant who has been in the same London office for five years? Naturally it is not advisable that we should be seen together after to-day. When you get to your room to-night you will find a suitcase has arrived; here is the key. In the suitcase you will find everything you require. Now I want

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



"No you don't," said the tramp, springing suddenly to the attack.

to be absolutely sure you understand your instructions. Please repeat in your own words the orders I have given you."

Dussel did so.

"Good," said Hering. "Now I must leave you." He got up. "Do not come with me to the door."

Two days passed before the telephone call came for which Dussel waited. He listened, acknowledged the order, and put back the receiver. Then he took a key from his pocket, unlocked the suitcase that stood in the corner of his room and took out a khaki uniform. His fingers were steady enough as he fastened the tunic buttons. For just an instant, as he stood before the mirror looking at himself in the uniform, fear came into his eyes.

Supposing they got him! A German in England wearing the uniform of a British officer! There could be only one answer to that. Then he straightened himself up. They should not get him.

He looked at his watch. It was time to start. He pulled an ordinary khaki mackintosh over his kit, tucked his cap under his arm, and walked quickly through the hall.

At Victoria he got rid of the mackintosh, leaving it in the cloakroom.

He made his way to the barrier, presented his ticket, passed on to the platform and walked slowly down the train. Three carriages in different parts of the train were marked "Reserved." Two parties of people occupied two of the carriages. Just before the train started a man wearing a dark overcoat and black felt hat entered the third reserved compartment. He carried an attache case fastened by a chain to his wrist.

Dussel made his way down the platform to a news stand; he stood with his back to the train examining a magazine. Behind him he heard doors being slammed, whistles blowing and porters calling to passengers to take their seats. He kept his eyes on the magazine. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the train beginning to move; he immediately turned and ran towards the reserved compartment in which the man wearing the black hat was sitting. The latter, seeing an officer trying to catch the train, opened the door and helped him in.

Dussel threw himself down on the seat, panting. "Thanks—whew! That was close. I was looking at something on the bookstall and only just happened to notice the train was on the move."

Please turn to page 20

BABY KNOWS BEST

Humorous story of a pretty nurse, a handsome young doctor, and a baby who broke all the rules of science.

By ...
RICHARD POWELL

Illustrated
by
JOHN MILLS

DR. KEITH ATLEY could prove that science knows best when it comes to raising babies. He could prove it by charts and tests and papers published in the leading medical journals. He could prove it by 726 of the babies who had come under his care in five years at Mount Michael Hospital.

Daniel was number 727. Daniel had been raised scientifically from birth. There weren't any parents to interfere, because he was an orphan awaiting adoption. According to the charts and tests he should have been a model baby. But Daniel had no use for science.

He scorned such toys as scientific pegs that he was supposed to put into scientific holes. He liked to unscrew his crib. He woke in the middle of the night and sang tuneless little chants when the schedule said he should be sleeping. He upset the hospital dietitian by eating large meals one day and small meals the next, and gaining weight in spite of the irregularity.

"I can't understand it," Dr. Atley grumbled. "That ought to cause fretting and loss of weight."

Jane Lexington, social service worker in charge of adoptions, looked at his stern young profile and sighed. What he said was right, in a way. Daniel's habits were causing fretfulness and loss of weight—but it was happening to Keith. "Maybe," she suggested, "Daniel knows what's best."

"Nonsense. A twelve-months-old baby can't reason from cause to effect, even if it does look nearly twice its age. I can prove it."

A series of thumps came from the hospital room next to the girl's office. The noise sounded vaguely like tank manoeuvres. But it was merely Daniel, waking from his morning nap. He would be on hands and knees in his crib, jerking his body backward and forward to make the crib ride around the room.

"If he goes on this way," Keith complained, "he's going to be a very unhealthy child."

"If he goes on this way you'll have to reinforce the walls."

"You talk as if you were proud of Daniel."

"Oh, Keith, he's the cutest baby who ever—"

"Cute." He tasted the word like bitter medicine. "The word has no standing in the medical lexicon. It's meaningless."

"You ought to watch him when I'm tucking in his covers. Then you'd admit he's cute."

He stared at her as if she had interesting symptoms. "You tuck him into bed?"

"Oh, yes. I seldom leave at night until he's asleep."

"Watching over him like a mother, eh?"

"Why—maybe you might—no, no! Not at all like that!"

It was too late. He was nodding grimly over his diagnosis. Now there would be trouble. She wasn't supposed to watch like a mother over the babies she was given to place for adoption. She was supposed to be very objective—a sort of sterilising machine through which the babies passed to foster parents. And she had been objective with other babies. Daniel was the only one who had made her want to sing nursery rhymes and play pat-a-cake.

"You have a mother complex," he said, speaking as coldly as if reporting on her appendix. She almost expected him to add, "It will have to come out."

"Really, Keith, it's just that I know how to handle Daniel better than anyone else."

"All mothers say that. You've been spoiling him. That's why he doesn't respond to scientific care."

She wanted to remind him of what had happened several months ago. Daniel had been a terrible problem then. He used to cry like a locomotive approaching a grade crossing. He gave back part of every feeding. Keith said it was just an act to win attention.

Her theory had been that Daniel had a small stomach. She suggested smaller meals but at more frequent intervals. That way he would get the proper amount of food. Keith wouldn't listen. So she had kidnapped Daniel one week-end, tried the new feeding schedule and proved her point.

She wanted to remind him of that, but it might be bad strategy. Keith had been attentive to her recently; he had even worked up to holding her hand. He might—just possibly—might—be serious. Of course it was hard to tell because he held hands as if he were taking a pulse. He was not the type of man to marry hastily.

HE would go into consultation with himself. He would ask himself if the girl were properly grave and responsible. A girl who wanted to marry him shouldn't remind him that she was capable of breaking dozens of hospital rules by kidnapping a baby.

Of course no sensible girl should want to marry Keith. A girl ought to demand a certain amount of romance. She ought to insist on the right to keep her own personality. Jane gave herself stern lectures along those lines. But it didn't do any good. She couldn't hold the attention of her class. "You may be right," she said meekly. "Perhaps I do spoil him. I'll try to be more objective."

"Fine, fine," he said in the hearty tone he used with convalescent patients. "I knew you'd be sensible. But that doesn't solve the problem entirely. Daniel is not properly conditioned. I think Elizabeth Storr ought to see him."

Jane winced. She and Elizabeth had been classmates in college eight years ago. They were not friends. Elizabeth had a cool, regal beauty that always made Jane feel like a Scottie who has been romping through brambles. Elizabeth could have had limousines and furs and

"I knew something like this would happen," said Elizabeth, surveying Jane and the baby with stern disapproval.

jewels. Instead, she had chosen a career. Now she was head of Mount Michael's famous Child Guidance Clinic, and she flaunted her Ph.D. arrogantly like a chinchilla wrap.

Elizabeth could find things wrong with any baby, and probably would continue to do so until she had one of her own. Unfortunately she was not married. She saw eye-to-eye with Keith on many subjects. And, judging from the way Jane had seen her bending over cribs with Keith, she was willing to see cheek-to-cheek with him, too.

Jane protested, "She'd probably say Daniel has every bad habit except chewing tobacco."

"She's a very able child psychologist. Never gets flustered. Cool, controlled—"

"I know. She ought to have a chemical symbol instead of a name."

"Please don't be flippant, Jane. I admire her very much."

"So I've noticed. She has beautiful eyes, hasn't she?"

"I really couldn't say," he replied stiffly. "I am not an oculist."

"What about her complexion, Keith? Do you admire that porcelain kind of skin?"

"That is another subject—"

"On which you're not qualified to speak, because you're not a dermatologist?"

"Really, Jane, I don't understand—"

She controlled herself and smoothed out her face like a hospital sheet. "I was just trying to amuse you," she said lightly. "Never mind. When will you bring her over?"

"Right now, if she has time."

He left the office and Jane turned grimly to her desk. No more foolishness. She might get her own way about Daniel if she fought, but it might mean losing Keith.

Please turn to page 18



FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

Try some colorful RENOVATIONS . . .



• If you've an odd scrap of material in a gay color you might use it for part of a jacket, with contrast yoke and skirt. Or if you are tired of your linen jacket-frock ring in a change with a colorful flash in the middle. (Above.)

• You probably have a classically tailored white evening frock which you simply can't wear again, so spice it with a vivid blue yoke and side panels accented with bars of red ribbon velvet. (Right.)



• A charming example of what can be done with two harmonising remnants of the same material. The front and sleeves of the frock are blue and the yoke and back are mauvish-grey, and they are joined together with a narrow green line. (Above.)

• Bring fashion excitement to an otherwise drab navy frock with the addition of a white yoke and skirt panel. Result — a stunning frock for spectator sports. (Above right.)

• A clever idea for achieving a new evening frock is to cut up two old frocks and scallop the top of one on to the skirt of the other—like the lovely red-and-white model sketched above.

RMS



• A clever little sweater, moulded to the figure and made of honey-beige grosgrain ribbon, and fastened down the front with quaint gold hearts.

THESE are the TOPS



• Cobwebby white lace — fragile and feminine — is unexpectedly tailored on shirtwaist lines. With it a pleated black chignon skirt and tiny turban of white feathers.



• Over a simple white linen frock — a longish, tailored jacket in pastel-blue wool jersey, with ribbed waistband and yoke. Huge patch pockets and red buttons add a sporty charm.

(C)

• A hand-knitted American jumper, which follows the current patriotic trend in fashions with a replica of the American flag in gay red, white, and blue.

ACTUAL SIZE

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LUNCHEON OR TEA DATES . . .

From New York by Clipper

Sketched by Petrov



One. — Smoke-grey finest wool sheer makes a luncheon frock. Note the draped pockets, square neckline, quaint sheath sleeves.

Two. — Apron frill on the skirt panel is repeated in the buttoned yoke of this harvest-gold suede crepe afternoon frock. Wear a brown toque and gloves.

Three. — Oriental flavor in the straw and jersey toque, the Persian-pink jersey the same material as the frock. Side panels give fullness to skirt and follow line of panelled bodice.

Four. — Crisp, white pique revers and cuffs for this smart black jersey jacket frock. Jacket is draped into snug waistline, skirt pleated.



INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion shows. Prices from 3/6. Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

BOYS and GIRLS—

WHILE ON VIROL
— IDEAL GROWTH

WHILE ON THE
OTHER 'EXTRAS'

This diagram shows the results of investigation (published in the medical press) into the effects of supplementary foods ('extras') on the growth-rate of over 800 children. Only Virol produced ideal growth.

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Fashion PATTERNS

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F1581.—Simple princess style with patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1094.—High-waisted frock with draped bodice and full sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1691.—Flattering slacksuit, tailored to a T. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1378A.—Gay, spotted sunsuit with smartly-panelled front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., and 2yds. for matching jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1443.—Youthful printed frock with nipped-in bodice and slightly flared skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1192.—Charming housecoat with flowing skirt and Victorian ruffles. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/10.

F1415.—Spectator-sports frock with shirtwaist top and pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

We're growing up . . .

THIS being Australia's 153rd anniversary I romp off to those clubs where pioneers grace the walls, and reminisce over my First Fleet-ing ancestors, and all that.

Australia Day falls on Sunday this year, so celebrations begin on Thursday and continue over week-end. Women's Pioneer Society's party begins at 3 p.m. and ends promptly so guests can go on to Pioneers' Club "At Home" at 5 p.m.

President Mrs. Wentworth Grayson welcomes guests, who include Carlotta Doyle, Mrs. W. A. Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Childs, Mr. C. H. Bertie.

Pioneers Club's popular president, Sir Kelso King, and Lady King look in for few minutes before hurrying off to receive at own party . . . Sir Kelso showered with good wishes on recent 87th birthday.

Newly weds . . .

SURPRISE for Jimmy Coriette's friends . . . his marriage early this year to charming Adelaide girl, Nan Raye. They are now living at Tamworth, where Jimmy is instructor with R.A.A.F.

Youthful bride, who celebrated 20th birthday last month, flew from Adelaide for wedding in Sydney.

Lord Mayor entertains . . .

DROP in at Lord Mayor Crick's reception at Town Hall to say "How's the Middle East?" to Major Gorman, Comforts Fund Commissioner, just returned.

Judging by his suntan and "in the pink" appearance, Major Gorman's tour thoroughly agreed with him.

Mrs. Mick Grace dons for the occasion a fetching pink straw chapeau, anchored by a pink bow. Eve Sheedy is in all grey.

Overhear several of the Lord Mayor's patriotic and pretty Younger Set trying to convince Major Gorman it would be a good idea to send some of us abroad for canteen work. But he remains neutral.

Newcastle's newly-elected mayor, Alderman Young, and Mrs. Young make special trip to attend reception. City Treasurer's wife, Mrs. A. A. Brackpool, the John Bruntons, John Faviells, and the Rural Bank McKerihans also present.

Back again . . .

HALF hour after saying "marvellous party" to Lord Mayor when Major Gorman's reception finishes, I'm back in the Lady Mayoress' rooms again . . . Alderman Crick greeting me with a grin and "What, again?" instead of the usual formal hand-clasp.

This second "do" is five o'clock party in honor of thirty delegates to University Students' Conference.

Margaret Christie, just finished fourth year agriculture, is accompanied by two delegates who stay with her at Wahroonga home—Rhona Connery (Tasmania), and Beryl Wilson (Melbourne), who is thrilled over passing finals in music.

My Lord Mayor especially welcomes visitors from the "Apple Isle," where he was born.

Lots of parties and private entertaining sandwiched between conference discussions, which keep delegates busy most days from 9 a.m. Cocktail party in University Union and dinner at Carl Thomas Club are final social events.

Doctors together . . .

ANOTHER doctor brought into the MacMahon family by the marriage quietly celebrated at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, last week of daughter, Dr. Dora, and Dr. William Bye.

Family list now reads like a page from the medical directory: Brothers, Drs. John and Edward; sisters, Drs. Lucy and Dora; and in-laws, Drs. Bye, Dora's husband, Bristow Johnson, Kathleen's husband, and J. J. Daly, of Melbourne, husband of May.

Dora has now given up her medical work and will live at family home at Darling Point when her husband departs shortly for A.I.F. duties overseas.

Wishing hard . . .

SECOND garden wedding within three weeks at Schofield House, Point Piper, takes place on February 8 . . . Glory Joyce Brandon the bride and Stephen Bransgrove the groom. Ceremony will be held against a background of white oleanders as sun sets across the harbor . . . so romantic.

Glory tells me she is "wishing hard" for a lovely evening. She will swish across the lawns in white organza and tulle veil; her bridesmaids in pink and blue and large hats. They are Peggy Bush and Elizabeth Brook Smith.

Even wedding march is arranged . . . bridegroom's sister Dorothy will play it on violin.

Just engaged . . .

MEET Judy Mayo lunching in town with fiancé, Pilot-Officer Donald Munro . . . Judy just up and about again after being stricken with tonsillitis for several days after they announce engagement.

She is wearing beautiful diamond cluster ring . . . and more diamonds in Air Force wings fastened to her super sunray pleated grey frock.

No date yet for wedding. Donald's parents, the Donald Munros, of Teeralaroi, Moree, will be in town shortly to add their congratulations.

Did you know? . . .

OLD clothes needed . . . Mrs. C. G. McDonald, Mrs. Richmond Jeremy, Mrs. Victor Coppleson, Mrs. Rex Money are collecting for jumble sale starting this Wednesday at St. Peter's Hall, Darlinghurst.

Mrs. Sam Stirling is on her fourth tapestry chair . . . hopes some day to finish set of six.

Newcastle solicitor Tom O'Sullivan and his bride (Angela Carlton, of Dungog) are spending honeymoon motoring. They have taken flat in Newcastle.

Heard around town . . .

THE just-married Ivan Lloyd Phillips' were robbed at Canberra while on honeymoon . . . Hear that Mrs. Lloyd Phillips (former Faith Onslow) courageously rounded up burglar.

And seen . . .

MRS. JOHN D'ARCY IRVINE and Mrs. H. H. McNall driving furniture delivery vans . . . practising for ambulance work.

In black-and-white beach ensemble . . . Mrs. Jim Cosh at Seven Shillings. Infant daughter Sigrid paddling in gingham.



● **THIS WEEK'S** bride and 'groom' . . . Pat Donohue and John Julian, of Bookham, off to keep luncheon appointment in town. They wed this Wednesday at St. Mary's Cathedral.



● **PRE-WEDDING PARTY** . . . Hostess Mrs. Alec Wilson (left) helps Thelma Ross at buffet dinner. Thelma weds Dick Newton, of Melbourne, this Wednesday.



● **SUPPER FOR TWO** . . . Pretty Buntly Fell goes dancing with fiancé Owen Hepworth during his leave from camp.



● **MELBOURNE VISITORS** Mrs. F. H. Wright, wife of Netherlands Consul, and attractive daughter Patricia at Lord Mayor's reception for Major Gorman.



● **WHIRLWIND ROMANCE.** Hugh Westmacott, of Clifford Downs, Carrathool, and Sheelah Lyle lunching at Prince's after announcing their engagement. They had met only a week previously.



● **BRIDEGROOM** Max Sernack assists his bride, Goldie Harris, carry her long tulle veil leaving Great Synagogue after their wedding.



● **WAITING** for the bride . . . Marjorie Munt, bridesmaid, chats to Penelope Cay in St. Mark's church porch while waiting for Patience Cay. Bridegroom is Sydney Black, of Glen Innes.



● **BEDTIME.** Doreen Long picks up her mattress and starts bedmaking at Women's Emergency Signallers' Camp at Thornleigh.



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Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

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Cystex for **KIDNEYS** **BLADDER** **RHEUMATISM**
The GUARANTEED Remedy

£10 to buy new wardrobes



Raider victims worked on a streamlined budget

How would you budget for a brand new wardrobe with £10 to spend?

Women who lost all their possessions when they were taken prisoner on the German raider in the Pacific were given £10 each to spend for a new outfit of clothes.

ACTUALLY, the wardrobes we now possess are worth a good deal more than £10," said one of them, "because people have given us many generous presents here." "When you possess virtually nothing, it does seem to make shopping easier," said Miss Christianne Alston.

"We had no worries about our new clothes matching up with clothes or accessories that we might already have had in normal circumstances.

"As a matter of fact, I built my new wardrobe round a very nice green handbag I was given when I first landed in Australia.

"Green happens to be my favorite color. My first purchase was a pair of green shoes. Then I bought a white pair as well. Next came a white hat, then a beige tailored linen frock and a seersucker frock for the mornings, and a green light wool coat."

Miss Alston seems to have made her £10 cover the most purchases of all the shoppers. She even managed to include green and white shoe cleaners.

This is her budget:—

	£	s.	d.
Shoes	1	7	6
Hat	1	4	0
Brassiere	15	11	
Linen frock	1	12	11
Seersucker frock	17	11	
Light wool coat	1	15	0
Three pairs stockings	14	9	
Slip	8	11	
Shoe cleaners	3	3	
Gloves	3	11	
Belt	1	0	
Handkerchiefs	2	3	
Total	£10	0	3

Miss Alston had 2/- left for her handkerchiefs, but one that she fancied was 9d. instead of the 6d. she had allowed for it, so she made up the extra 3d. so that she could buy it.

The "raider budgets" varied according to the needs and tastes of the different shoppers.

Here are two other budgets:—

	£	s.	d.
Black sheer frock	2	9	11
Black slip	7	11	
Striped frock	1	12	6
One pair shoes	1	9	11
Black vest	7	11	
Corsets and brassiere	18	5	
Lightweight coat	1	19	6
Handbag	6	11	
Total	£10	0	10

	£	s.	d.
Coat	3	15	0
Hat	1	4	0
Shoes, two pairs	1	14	9
Gloves, two pairs	12	6	
Raincoat	17	6	
Handbag	17	0	
Three pairs stockings	14	9	
Corsets	9	11	
Total	£10	2	5

Some of the shoppers got the maximum value out of their £10 by buying materials to make their own frocks and wool to knit cardigans for themselves.

Miss Margaret Osborne built her wardrobe round a navy striped dress and navy handbag given to her on arrival here. She bought a pink dress, navy shoes, and navy coat and gloves on her budget.

The evening frock which she wore to the Raintane Ball she made herself from material and buttons she

bought for a guinea. She is knitting a cardigan and jumper from wool which cost 13/5.

"The 'model' I made for myself on the raider," added Miss Osborne, "was later converted into two bath-towels."

"I'm having a most exhilarating time spinning out my money," said Miss E. M. Pearson. "I have followed the sales round so determinedly that I haven't spent all my budget yet."

"My cotton evening frock cost 25/- at a sale, and my evening sandals were reduced from 30/- to 7/11 because they had a tiny mark on one heel. My smart white hat cost 10/9. With so many bargains I was able to buy extra underwear—23/- worth.

Wonderful bargain

"I HAVE been given a tailored suit, so bought two blouses at 5/- each to wear with it. But my best bargain is a Chinese silk dressing-gown for 2/11."

This is a £10 budget drawn up by the budgeting expert of a big city store:—

Vest	2/6
Panties	2/11
Slip	4/11
Corsets	12/6
Brassiere	4/5
Morning frock	16/11
Afternoon frock (linen or art. silk)	32/11
Lightweight coat	31/9
Hat	12/11
Shoes, two pairs	23/6
Three pairs stockings at 4/11	14/9
Gloves	2/6
Bag	6/6
Four handkerchiefs at 41d.	1/6
Total	£10/0/0



MISS E. M. PEARSON, wearing the 25/- cotton dinner frock bought as part of her £10 gift shopping.



MISS CHRISTIANNE ALSTON looks over her £10 wardrobe.



From All Chemists

From All Stores

ALL THE WAYS TO LOVE

Short Story
Complete On
This Page

By...

**RITA
WEIMAN**

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

**He was a very smart lawyer, yet
he failed to fathom the secret
hidden in the depths of her eyes.**

SHE smiled graciously and held out her hand. There was something challenging in the lift of that hand, despite the play of a single dimple at the corner of her mouth. She had dropped her head, and her long lashes hid the expression of her eyes. So all he could see clearly as she stood silhouetted like a graceful black shadow against his office window was the smiling red mouth.

He wondered vaguely whether her choice of position was purposeful or accidental. She always made him wonder. He took the hand and raised it to his lips. She always made him guilty of some absurdly gallant gesture.

"Well," she said, "I put off a perfectly good luncheon with Jim Halliday to come here this morning. We were going to drive into the country—"

"Jim will have to wait—indefinitely," he cut in with some impatience.

He pushed forward a chair, deftly turned it so that light would be on her face.

She twisted the chair round again and sank down with a luxurious little sigh.

"I had to ask you here," he explained, "instead of seeing you at your flat. I found out yesterday that my wife is having us watched."

"Not really?" she laughed, a little incredulously; still her eyes were no more than suggested.

"I've suspected as much for some time, but hesitated to tell you. Afraid you'd worry."

"Oh, not in the least, Ken dear. I rather like the compliment of having your wife jealous of me."

"Well, I don't."

"She's such a beauty. I should think no other woman could possibly enter her thoughts as a rival."

"**BEAUTY!**" He picked up a pen and seemed to flip the word from its tip like a drop of ink.

"And, after all, she has no reason—"

"Obviously," he said, "no reason in the world."

"If we do lunch and dine together occasionally—why not? Aren't you my lawyer?"

"I'm also—"

"The cleverest lawyer I know,"

"I thank you."

"You're not asking me to find another, are you?"

"Dare to try, and I'll make him look like a slave."

She powdered her nose, replaced puff and vanity case, and observed:

"Then it would seem she'll have to go on being jealous unreasonably."

"We can't let her go on, Bubbles. I can't have you shadowed."

"By private detectives, you mean? I think it would be thrilling. One has so little real excitement these days."

"Can you be serious for half a second?" he asked almost pleadingly.

"If I've got to be serious, best to cut the tender nickname, don't you think? 'Bubbles' sounds so care-free, so—incredibly foolish."

"Look here—doesn't it mean a thing to you that she's making my life refined torture?"

"Oh—she leaned forward, one hand on the desk—"I am sorry. And all because of me."

"All because of you." He reached for the hand, but it had somehow slid to her lap. "You see, she found a packet of your letters."

"Letters?"

"Written while I was abroad—in Switzerland."

"But how absurd, Ken! That was

quite four years ago. Before—"

"Exactly. Before I married her. Unfortunately, the letters don't seem to communicate that fact. You have a casual habit of using days of the week instead of dates. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, might indicate any year. And the envelope postmarks appear to be illegible."

"I can't understand," she mused softly, "I simply can't understand why you risked keeping them."

"I didn't understand, myself, at first."

"But now you do?"

"Yes, I'm afraid now I do."

"Of course, you must find some way of convincing her how perfectly harmless they are."

"The device of it is that she and I were in Switzerland last winter."

"And she thinks they were written then?"

"No cross-examiner could have cornered a witness more efficaciously."

She glanced out of the window. For a moment he saw the back of her head. But even that was expressive, he thought. Proud and poised—and what else? What was there to-day that he found impossible to fathom?

"In one of them, if you'll recall," he reminded her after a pause, "you used a most expressive phrase. You said you'd love me 'always and all ways.'"

"Did I—really?"

"You teased me about falling a victim to her beauty while you were so far away."

"Yes. She was at St. Moritz that year at the same time that you were."

"You said I must be warned that cold climates engendered warm inclinations."

"I must have been whistling in the dark. I must have suspected even then what was happening."

He got up, went round the desk, and laid hands on her shoulders. They seemed to be tense.

"We've both whistled in the dark often since, haven't we?"

"There must be some way of proving that those letters were written in the prehistoric age," she answered.

"Strangely enough, I don't know that I want to."

"But that's irrational."

He took her hand, lacing the

"Is it? Is it irrational that I should suddenly discover I've loved you always and all ways?"

She glanced up quickly, eyes at last as wide as a child's.

"You can't mean it."

"So completely, that all I want is to find some sane way of getting you."

"But my dear!" She started to her feet. "It's absolutely insane. Four years ago when you came back from Switzerland—"

"Yes, when we thought we were—finished." He thrust her ever so gently into the chair again. "When I was so obsessed with her."

"I REMEMBER,"

she said slowly, "every minute of the night you told me you couldn't live away from her. I went to my room and counted my own shortcomings. I don't think any diagnosing physician could have done a better job. I sat there, looking at myself in the glass, and always seeing her just behind me. That shining red hair and those glorious eyes like the sea in a storm."

"Interminable storms," he muttered.

As though she still faced the two reflections, she went on, her voice distant as an echo.

"And that lovely little mouth that seemed to demand kisses. Every weapon a woman could ask. And I was so—insignificant. So helpless. So powerless. I think no snub-nosed girl ever abed more futile tears. You see, I knew from the start there was nothing to do about it."

He took her hand, lacing the

**"I simply can't understand why you
risked keeping my letters," she mused
softly.**

fingers through his. They had always been flexible, clinging. "There's everything to do about it now."

"You said you'd rather go to purgatory with her than paradise with any other woman."

"I appear to have taken a ninety-nine-year lease on the place."

"You told me that night it was no use fighting the thing. You sat by the fire in the living-room and chuckled the news at me. I remember the firelight on your face. Your lips were tight, and you looked past me as if I weren't there. I might only have been a shadow on the wall."

She spoke so low, he had to bend down to hear. And in bending, he tried to draw her from the chair nearer to him.

"I was out of my mind."

"Oh no. You were very clear-headed about it all. Very firm about what you intended to do. Very determined. I'd always adored your firmness and determination. Odd, the qualities that made me love you made me lose you. Quite a humorous angle, don't you think?"

"You're my obsession now. Just as she was then. I make excuses to be with you. Consultations you must see through as mere flim-flam. I count the days between appointments. I look across lunch and dinner tables and tell myself what a blithering ass I was ever to imagine I loved her. I love you—"

"That's only a mood, my dear. I just happen to be the woman you haven't got. Yet I'm exactly the

same as when you let me go without a quiver."

"What a blessed prospect! What a harbor from everlasting hurricane! Darling, will you go away until I persuade her to get a decent, quiet divorce? I think I know a way, say that you will."

"But why should I?"

"For your own protection. I won't have you talked about. Because I can't have her stalking us. Because, my darling girl, when it's settled, I'm going to marry you."

"Now you are humorous."

"Never more serious."

He looked up. She looked up. And he saw that her eyes were queer and shining now like the sun behind a cloud.

"I cultivated a sense of humor four years ago. It was my salvation."

"Yet you said in that letter, 'always and all ways.'"

"A phrase," she conceded. "But only a phrase, my dear Ken. You see, always is such a long time. And all ways—well, another phrase. Just a bit of vanity. One never knows all the ways to love. You ought to realize that."

He said, pressing her hand.

"Dear, don't let foolish pride slam the door on happiness."

"Pride? Not in the least."

It's that art of humor.

Now if you'll give me my hands, I must run alone."

"Oh, come, you

don't think I'm really going to take this flippancy as final."

"My nose needs powder, if you don't mind."

He released her hands, but tilted her chin before she could find refuge in the vanity-case.

"You still love me," he told her. "Don't laugh it away."

"My dear young man," she murmured with a curious smile. "You can hardly expect me to take reverently the prospect of marrying my ex-husband—even if he does happen to be my lawyer."

"But, darling—he bent down to the tilted chin—"If I'm willing to admit my mistake and tell you I still want you, more than ever, in fact, there's no reason on earth why we shouldn't marry again."

"Oh, but there is." She removed his hand from her chin with a gesture both playful and insistent. "A very good reason. Also most charming. A quite adorable reason. He's tall and shaggy, smokes a pipe that he polishes on the palm of his hand, likes the country and dogs and baggy tweed clothes, isn't good at small-talk, or sure of himself with women. And he foolishly believes that the only way to love is to love the other fellow more than you love yourself. His name is Jim Halliday. I married him last night."

She rose, smiled graciously and held out her hand. "Such a pleasant little talk," she said, "but I mustn't keep him waiting another minute."

(Copyright)

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 1, 1941.

FEDERAL SCHEME OF ENDOWMENT



THERE will be general applause for the Federal Government's decision to institute a nationwide form of child endowment.

This matter, which is of vital concern to Australia, is not a job for the States but the Commonwealth.

Behind a comprehensive and efficient child-welfare scheme lies hope of a solution of our greatest problem—the falling birth-rate.

It is fitting, therefore, that the Federal Government, with its wider resources and greater authority, should throw all its brains into the creation of a workable scheme.

The greatest need of Australia is population—without it we may not be able to hold this country.

Not forever will we be unchallenged—7,000,000 people holding a vast continent that could take 100,000,000 without overcrowding.

The baby is our best immigrant, and the only way to fill the cradles is to make it easier financially for parents to have children.

Child endowment schemes in the past have not gone far enough. While the N.S.W. Child Endowment Act provides for the children of families on the basic wage, there is need for a scheme of endowment in families on the higher wage scales.

We must go as far as we can in encouraging bigger families.

"Populate or perish" is not an empty slogan. It is the sober truth of Australia's position.

In all the talk of a new order after the war the welfare of our children must come first. They will inherit the brave new world we hope to build for them.

We can begin now by seeing that their entry into the world is welcome and their welfare provided for.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A soldier in Palestine to his girl friend in Lockleys, S.A.:

"WELL, my darling, I awakened bright and early after drinking numerous toasts to you and the other chaps' wives. We had a bonzer hot cup of tea brought around at 7 o'clock this morning—very acceptable, and, believe it or not, grapefruit for breakfast. How's that?"

"Remember our discussions on the Comfort Fund? Well, dear, they have done and are doing a wonderful job. We have had a lot of stuff from them."

"They practically kept us in tobacco on the ship, and this morning we all had a Christmas hamper given to us. In it was a Christmas cake, pudding, a tin of fruit, cream, toothbrush, toothpaste, boot polish, razor blades, tobacco, and sweets—a wonderful effort, and a very pleasant surprise."

A captain at sea to his wife in Brisbane:

"WE had Church parade on Sunday and an incident occurred which made a great impression on the boys."

"It was like the 'Ancient Mariner'."

"Water, water, everywhere."

"Then from nowhere came a bird which everyone thinks was a dove, and it sat on the yardarm of the mast while the padre was talking."

"The boys were greatly heartened, as they took it for a good omen."

"I was surprised at the singing and the seriousness of the boys at the parade."

"I am quite satisfied that under the surface the boys have a sincere religious feeling."

Telegraphist E. Davis, R.A.N., to his mother in Carlisle, W.A.:

"WELL, mother, this last trip was a bombardment to help to keep the 'Ties' running, and was it rough! Only four of us turned up to tea."

"I often think how peaceful it must be at home. We have been away a long while now, and so far we have been spared. But we have had some narrow squeaks, and I hope that the luck still holds so that one day I shall come home safe and sound."

"Before I had time to post this we were at sea again, and right on my birthday—and is the sea rough again!"

"We have been having plenty of sea time since Greece entered the war."

"Then we have been on convoy work. For a couple of days it was quiet, but on the third day we heard gunfire from the other ships in the convoy, and before long we joined in also."

"There were two Italian torpedo bombing-planes trying to attack the convoy."

"They came in very low, but released their torpedoes too far away."

"So you see, mother, we never go to sea without something happening, and when we are in harbor we have the air raids."

Winnie the War Winner



"It's a little surprise for the General's birthday."

Gunner Bill Stretton in England to Miss Joyce Murray, East St. Kilda, Vic.:

"AN air raid developed. The German pilot and his gunner are dead now."

"Their plane was shot down by our regiment's machine-guns, and promptly burnt itself up—along with an acre of woods across the road from our camp."

"The piece of metal in this letter is a piece of that bomber—No. 3308. It is the first of the souvenirs you wanted. I'm working up to the steel helmets gradually!"

"It seems rather hard to believe that only the day before yesterday that piece of metal was part of a plane flying over our camp; or that I picked it up yesterday from a mass of twisted metal where men were digging up charred bones."

"Flying to England must be like flying to hell itself for those German pilots."

Staff-Sergeant A. W. Wright to his wife in Botany, N.S.W.:

"ONLY that we were all thinking of our home folks we had a great Christmas Day."

"The officers waited on the men, and the sergeants and sergeant-majors did the washing-up."

"The sergeants had dinner at 7 p.m., the same dinner as the troops except that wine was served instead of a bottle of ale per man."

"It was certainly a good Christmas dinner."

"On Christmas Eve we held mock trials of the officers—the fines ranging from three to twelve bottles of beer—and had a great time."

"One nurse was tried for giving her patient a dose of spirits of salts instead of Epsom salts. It was a great party, if at times a little wild."

Lieut. E. Crute, in Egypt, to his wife in Subiaco, W.A.:

"WE are on the fringe of battle, although still a fair way from it, and everybody is very excited."

"Even the guns seem to be opening their barrels wider in readiness to hurt their bark and confusion at the enemy."

"The lads are consumed with impatience, and can barely think of anything but the chance of coming to grips with him."

"Don't worry, my dear. We artillery can stay back 13,000 yards and still hit him and leave him powerless to hit us."

"This recent battle has been astounding. We've spoken to some of the lads who took part. They are absolutely splendid—no boasting, no brag; they treat it as though it were just an exercise that they had been in."

"They tell tales of heroism, tales of humor, of treachery, of tragedy, and of pathos."

"But they all have one tale to tell, and that is the pride they have in their units and in the British, and the conviction that we will soon free this part of the world from the enemy."

"They brought back many souvenirs—cars by the dozen (Italian, of course), trucks, rifles, machine-guns, flags, wireless sets, pistols, food, and Heaven knows what else."

"One of our lads, my driver, in fact, has been parading for the last two days in an Italian General's tunic, another in his cap."

"We have been drinking Italian tea, while some of the boys were very bright on Italian wine. Everybody seems to be in picnic spirit. It's staggering, the amount of goods and materials captured."

"Yesterday was so dusty that our food was covered in dust before we could eat it."

"Outside my dugout I can see the beautiful blue of the Mediterranean, emphasised by the dazzling whiteness of the sands. Overhead the sky is blue, with white clouds floating gaily in the brisk breeze. It is cold, but sunny."

"I'm filthy through dust and lack of water to wash in. My lips are cracked and sore, but I'm happy. The prospect of battle looms closer—the closer the battle the sooner the war ends—then home. Home and you—what a marvellous prospect!"

Ben White, of W.A., with the R.A.F. in England, to a friend in Brookton, W.A.:

"RECENTLY I had several days' wonderful leave, part of which I spent in Wing, Bedfordshire."

"Villages are all the same. Everybody seems to be familiar with all the gossip, and they heard the little talk over the B.B.C. by our C.O. in reference to my battle with a Heinkel over Belgium."

"This made me quite the hero during my visit."

"While there I took a pair of flannels to a washerwoman to be laundered. She kept me an hour, and periodically brought the next door neighbor, the one farther on, and so on until I am sure I met the whole street."

"It really was amusing, for I sat in the best lounge chair in the house and stood up every now and again to shake hands, and, you know, bow from the hips sort of thing."

"Eventually I made my get-away, and not before time, for they hammered more questions at me in sixty minutes than any board of examiners could do in a day."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP



GINGER tries his hand at METEOROLOGY

His weather invention checks up with Uncle Joe's rheumatism

By MAL VERCO and GINGER
Australia's famous entertainers.

By setting the alarm early, and beating Ginger to the bathroom (yes, he DOES use it) the other morning, I got to the table just in time to snatch the last of the eggs from under his nose.

I ASKED—humbly, too—for a bit of the newspaper, but Ginger wouldn't even part up with the small-ads section. He just sat and stared glumly at the news-sheet, saying "Huh" at intervals, in a disgusted sort of voice.

"Something startling in the paper?" I asked. (Ginger seemed dumbfounded . . . as if the little spout COULD be!)

He put the paper down . . . mostly into the milk-jug . . . and, buttering the last hot piece of toast, said moodily, "This here meter-meter-metter—this weather man . . ."

"You mean meteorologist?"

"He's probably got something to do with it, too, Mal," Ginger muttered gloomily. "They've gone and forecast a fine day, when any stoop knows it's gonna rain buckets . . . and rain, too."

The sun streamed in through the open window, and the birds sang outside. But just to make sure, I went and looked out into a cloudless sky.

"What makes you think it's going to rain?" I asked, rescuing the last of the marmalade under cover of the question. (You'd starve if you waited for Ginger to pass anything . . . even the time of day.)

"Lissen to me, Malsie," he said,

waving the cruet impressively, "I'm gonna show this long-range weather bloke that he's just small time. My new invention says it's gonna rain. BESIDES, IT CHECKED UP WITH UNCLE JOE'S RHEUMATISM."

"Now look, Ginger," I said firmly, "you've never invented anything in your life—let alone something to forecast weather . . ."

Ginger was outraged.

"Never invented anything," he screamed, "NEVER INVENTED . . . WHY . . . LISSSEN TO ME YOU . . ."

I listened. It's safer to listen when he hits top "O."

"What did you invent?" I asked patiently.

"The Harfalarm, for one thing," said Ginger, complacently.

"And what might that be?" I asked cautiously.

"An alarm for Dopey and me when we sleep in the same room," said Ginger.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said Ginger, "it's simple—except for certain stoops I could mention—a Harfalarm has a special bell . . . when it goes off at 5 o'clock in the morning and there are two people in the room, only one of them wakes up . . . see?"

That broke my resistance down, so I staggered weakly after him when he insisted on showing me the weather invention.

A mass of wires was festooned from a nail that he had put in the

ceiling. They connected with an ancient alarm clock, an empty bottle, a disused light globe, and the window catch. "Wonderful," I said (meaning it was wonderful how he'd managed to put a nail in my ceiling, and find all these gadgets).

"I knew you'd depreciate it," said Ginger complacently, and announced that he was going to take his invention to the weather office.

"We'll show these peasants a thing or two," he promised. "It's a pity we can't take the bed with us, though. That would tell us when it's going to rain in sheets."

After a lot of trouble we got the invention packed away in the back of the car. Ginger had the route planned, and when we pulled up outside the building quickly shifted a "no-parking" sign along the street a bit, and we got the invention out.

"C'mon," said Ginger, bursting into a room, tripping over the mat, and throwing his invention well before the man in the room. The wires twined gracefully round this individual's neck. He was a jolly, red-faced cove, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Don't let it worry you, my dear fellow," he said breezily, waving away bits of wire and Ginger's apologies at the same time. "You're the young gentleman I've been expecting to see this morning. I presume?"

"I want to show you my invention before we go any further," said Ginger. "It's a weather invention."

The big chap seemed very interested. "So you're a weather expert, eh?" he said. "Now supposing it was raining cats and dogs . . ."

"I'd be careful not to step in any puddles," smirked Ginger.

In the wrong office

"DO you know they can't find out how old the earth is?" he went on, trying to impress the chap. "That's why they call it 'she.'"

The man looked at Ginger speculatively. "H'm," he said.

"Yes," Ginger rattled on, "and to take the sun's light. That travels faster than a week's pay even. Sometimes it gets here late, and that makes it cold. If it gets here early we have a heat-wave, and the earth is round, too. I can prove that."

"How," said the man, gripping a paper-knife.

"By the way my shoes wear the heels down on one side."

The fat man made a couple of notes on a pad. "Go on," he said—as though the little nut needed any encouragement. "What do you do during a heat-wave?"

"I spring out of bed the moment the sun comes in through my window," said Ginger. "MY BED-ROOM FACES THE WEST!"

"But it's these duststorms. A decent weather-forecaster just wouldn't have 'em. They're the crookiest weather of the lot."

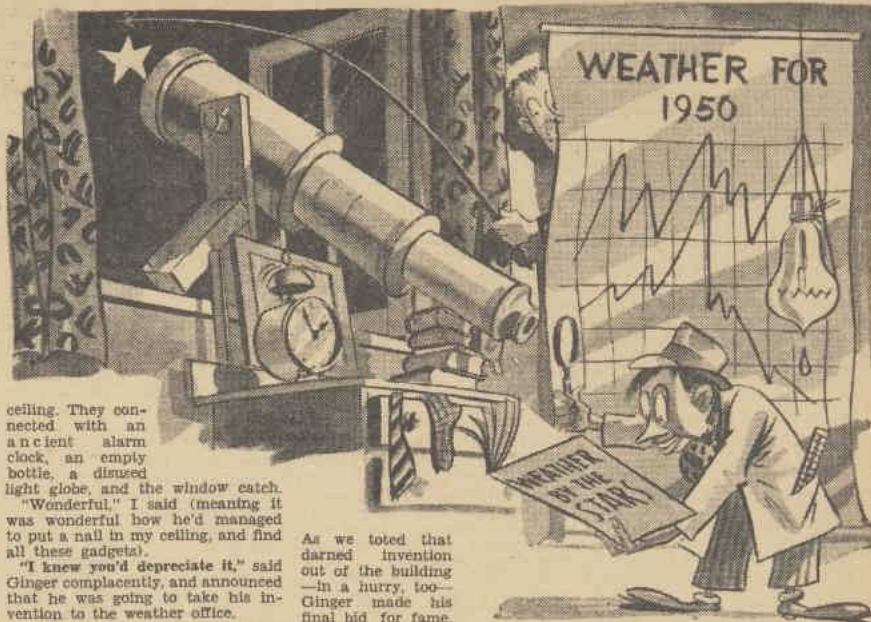
"Why, when I was outback—at Mortgage-Mortgage, Uncle Joe's station—the duststorms were so bad that the rabbits had warrens 500 feet up, and they were still burrowing!"

The fat man nodded, as though he had made up his mind. He called me aside and said in a confidential voice, "He'll be all right with careful watching. Is he ever violent?"

Puzzled, but game, I said to him, "Aren't you the weather man?"

"Weather man!" he said indignantly. "I'm the government psychoanalyst!"

I called Ginger off quickly, in case we both got caught, but I didn't have the heart to tell him of our mistake.



As we toted that darned invention out of the building—in a hurry, too—Ginger made his final bid for fame.

"Mal," he said,

"I'd lend me a couple bob to go to the pictures. I want to study up some more of the science of meteorology."

"Some scientific film?" I ventured, as I parted over.

"No—Walt Disney!"

"I'm gonna show this weather bloke he's small time," says Ginger.

"About meteorology?—Surely not." "Yeah," Ginger explained, "haven't you ever heard of a comet—a star with a tail? Well—MICKEY MOUSE IS ON!"



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MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

Baby Knows Best

Continued from page 8

PRESENTLY he returned with Elizabeth. Jane greeted her cordially, wondering what men saw in those pale-gold-and-ivory women. Nice to look at, perhaps, but it would be more fun cuddling a cold compress. She led them to the next room, opened the door and forgot Elizabeth in a surge of pride about Daniel.

His face glowed with health. His damp hair curled in tight golden springs. He was yelling like a cowboy and spurring the crib around the room. "He must waste hours of sleeping time doing that," Elizabeth said. "Crisbs should be bolted to the floor."

"I'll have it done," Keith said humbly.

Elizabeth shook her head doubtfully. "Does he crawl yet?"

"Beautifully," Jane said. "Of course he only crawls backward. But he'll learn to go forward when he's ready."

"He should be conditioned into crawling forward," Elizabeth murmured. "And what's that ragged toy in his crib?"

"It's his favorite doll," Jane said. "It's quite clean. I wash it twice a week."

"It shouldn't be in his crib. Bed is for sleeping and nothing else."

"All babies take toys to bed," Jane sniffed. "And they all get over it."

"Yes, but when they finally give up toys they are left with a sense of insecurity. I'd better break him of the habit now."

"He'll be upset!"

Elizabeth shrugged and took the doll. Daniel reached for it. When he realised the doll wasn't going to be returned, he sat down firmly. He inhaled a deep breath.

They waited for the scream. But he wasn't planning to scream. He held the breath in his lungs. His face began to turn pink, then mauve, then red, then lavender. He appeared to swell like a captive balloon. Jane reached over the side of the crib and poked him in the ribs. He deflated suddenly. His color faded back to normal. "Is that the way you stop tantrums?" Elizabeth asked.

"I know it isn't scientific," Jane apologised. "But it works."

"Never give children any attention when they have a tantrum. Ignore them. Something will distract them."

"In Daniel's case," Jane said politely, "I'd rather try letting a time bomb distract itself from going off."

Elizabeth turned to Keith. "Definitely a fixation," she said.

"I was afraid of it," he muttered. "Note the idealisation of the child," Elizabeth added; "the belief that he is stronger and smarter than other children. Typical."

Jane began to feel like a white rat in an experimental lab. "I wish you wouldn't gossip about me to my face," she said.

"You must be objective," Keith said. "We're trying to do what's best for Daniel."

"I know, but—"

"I think," Elizabeth mused, "he should be transferred to my department. You know what results I get with my part-time children, Keith. If I had Daniel full time, in two months I could—"

"Two months!" he cried. "Think what you could do in six! A year!"

"The first scientific baby," Elizabeth whispered.

"No," Jane choked. They didn't hear her. They went ahead with plans for the great experiment. Proper conditioning every waking and sleeping moment. No parents to interfere, to nag, to shout, to coax, to bribe.

"Naturally," Elizabeth concluded. "I must have complete charge of Daniel. Things might work out better if Jane didn't even visit him."

"Naturally," Keith said.

"Naturally," Jane gulped.

That was all there was to it. Daniel was moved quietly to the wing of the hospital nearest to the Child Guidance Clinic. During the moving, Jane stayed in her office behind a locked door and wept. Lunchtime came, but she didn't feel like eating.

She fought against a wild desire to see Daniel. She had promised not to visit him, and if she did so Keith would be angry. Also, Daniel might have forgotten her already. At this point she jumped up and walked to Daniel's new room.

He was sitting on the floor when she peeked through the tiny observation window in the door. He was alone. Around him were the pegs he was supposed to put into holes; the big blocks he must lift to develop his muscles; the wooden rings he ought to be fitting over a stake. He yawned at them.

He tried to budge the crib from its floor bolts. He tried to find a valve to turn on the radiator. There wasn't any. He sat down and took a deep breath. His face began to imitate a sunset. The pink deepened to mauve, the mauve to red, the red to—

Jane slipped inside, knelt beside him and nudged his ribs with a forefinger. The sunset reversed. He smiled. He delivered a long address of welcome in his dialect.

"Shh," she whispered. "I'm not supposed to be here. And I can only stay a second. Play with the nice toys I've brought."

She sat on the floor and set out several of his favorite unscientific animal toys. Daniel reached out interestedly to them. Then he became excited.

Keith and Elizabeth were standing in the doorway.

"I said something like this would happen," Elizabeth murmured.

Keith muttered, "I wouldn't have believed Jane had so little self-restraint."

Jane rose slowly to her feet, clutch-

ing Daniel. She realised now that she had made a mistake in giving up Daniel to try to hold Keith. All she had done was to prove that Elizabeth was the calm, responsible sort of person he wanted to marry.

"You think I lack self-restraint, do you?" she snapped. "In a minute you'll think I've been under ether so far. Daniel is coming back with me."

"Please be sensible," Keith urged. "You don't know how to condition children," Elizabeth said.

"I know how to raise them," Jane cried, "and that's what I'm going to do with Daniel."

Elizabeth said, "Before we get into a departmental fight, why don't you come to my clinic and see what I can do for children? You want to be fair to Daniel, don't you?"

Jane wavered. "Well—"

"It might interest you to know that we can teach the average baby to crawl forward, instead of just backward, in an hour."

"I—I don't know—"

"And we have very little trouble curing young babies of tantrums," Elizabeth added.

"If you really can," Jane faltered, "maybe—maybe—" She followed them to the big clinic playroom, still holding Daniel. Four children were playing in the room. Jane blinked. They were doing amazing things considering their ages.

A GIRL, scarcely Daniel's age, was building a castle of blocks. A year-old boy was doing somersaults on a mat. A boy of two was skating. A girl of the same age was coloring paper animals without letting her crayons slip outside the lines. Two girls, Elizabeth's assistants, were directing the play.

"Almost like magic, isn't it?" Keith asked.

Jane frowned. It was very impressive but something must be wrong. There were no shrieks of laughter. The children seemed to have no ideas of their own. After tiring of a game they waited as if they expected to be wound up again. Whenever that happened, an assistant started them on something else. If one of them were being taught a new game or exercise, the assistant repeated the action until the child learned by imitation.

"That's not guidance," she told herself. "That's leading children by the nose."

At that moment, when she was feeling relieved and rather superior, her brain decided to be impartial. It began nagging at her that children didn't always shriek when they were happy. It pointed out that most education was acquired by imitation, anyway.

She was frightened. Perhaps Daniel would do whatever Elizabeth wanted. Perhaps he wasn't as independent as she had believed.

"I'll have one of my assistants show Daniel how to crawl forward," Elizabeth said.

She called to one of them. The girl dropped to her knees and began crawling. Daniel gurgled. He wriggled to escape from Jane's arms. She lowered him to the floor and he began crawling, too. But he went backward.

"Maybe," Jane said, "he wants to teach her his way of crawling."

Elizabeth shrugged. "We'll try giving him an incentive."

She placed a shiny steel ball on the floor in front of Daniel. He cooed and reached for it. It was too far away. He began to crawl and found himself moving in the wrong direction. He halted for a moment to study the problem. Jane shivered. He was going to crawl forward. He was going to—No! She nearly laughed in relief. He was still one crawl ahead of science, Daniel was.

He was scuttling backward like a frightened crab. But he wasn't deserting the shiny steel ball. He was watching it while he turned in a circle. Finally he got it directly behind him and backed down triumphantly towards it.

Elizabeth snatched up the plaything and explained, "If we remove the ball whenever he circles backward, he'll learn."

"That isn't fair!" Jane cried.

Keith said firmly, "He must learn the right way to do things. That's the object of child guidance."

Elizabeth placed the ball again in position. Once more Daniel circled, watching it suspiciously. Once again it had vanished when it should have been his. He wasted no more time. He sat down, began filling his lungs.

"Please don't poke him," Elizabeth begged. "Let him hold his breath. Something will distract him."

Jane's lungs ached in sympathy. Daniel had stopped inhaling just short of blowout pressure. He snapped his mouth shut like a one-way valve. Elizabeth, Keith and the two assistants pretended to ignore him. They chatted calmly but Jane could see that they were nervous. They were afraid of Daniel's terrific, ingrowing scream. They were like people in the lull at dead centre of a hurricane.

Suddenly Elizabeth swooped down on the smaller of the girls, who had forgotten her blocks in the fascination of watching Daniel turn purple. She started crawling towards him.

"You mustn't," Elizabeth said gently, stopping her.

The tiny girl looked up at her. Jane stared. Was—the girl's color deepening? Her face seemed to be pinker than it had been. She looked back at Daniel. His face was the color of a looming squall. She gasped. The two-year-old boy skated up to Daniel and peered into his face. It hypnotised him. He sat down, inhaled a huge breath and began to hold it.

"Jimmy!" Elizabeth called. "Show us how you skate on one foot. Show us—"

Jimmy stared at her thoughtfully and tucked an extra two pounds of pressure into his lungs. Then he turned back anxiously to watch Daniel's color. "Ruth! Thomas! Elizabeth! Stop! You've never done this before. Come here and—"

Ruth, who had been coloring animals, looked as if she had been using the red crayon on her face. Thomas had left his tumbling mat to join the circle around Daniel. His face looked as if he were hanging head down from his parallel-bars. Daniel sat grandly in the centre of the group. He had achieved the color of a thunderhead.

"Somebody do something," Elizabeth cried. "Can't you see they're imitating him? Forgetting all they've learned? All my work! All—"

She rushed from one to another of the children, trying to coax them back to their games. They would not move. They sat solemnly in a row, like tomatoes on a vine, and let their faces ripen. They were very happy.

Elizabeth's voice turned shrill and squeaky. Blots of red stained her cheeks. She trembled. Jane watched curiously. In a few seconds Elizabeth was going to scream at the children. She would yank them to their feet and shake them and maybe even slap them, just like an ordinary mother, fretted beyond control. It wouldn't be pretty. It would horrify Keith, and a very good thing, too. It would—but she couldn't let it happen. It would be unfair to the children. She stepped forward and jabbed a finger into Elizabeth's ribs. Elizabeth paled and gasped.

Jane whispered, "Poke Daniel like that. If you lose your temper these children won't respect you. Hurry! It isn't scientific, but it works."

Elizabeth looked at her for a second in bewilderment. Then she bent swiftly and poked Daniel in the ribs. It was like opening a warm bottle of champagne. A pop, a hiss of air and finally a pleasant bubbling sound. Daniel was giggling. The other four children deflated like so many toy balloons. They shrieked with laughter and rolled on the floor.

JANE looked at Keith. He hadn't seen her poke Elizabeth, or heard the whispered advice. He was nodding approval and watching Elizabeth admiringly. "I—I think I'll take Daniel back now," Jane mumbled.

"Oh, oh, yes, certainly," Elizabeth said. "It really was unfair of me to steal him from your department."

Jane picked up Daniel and hurried away. He wilted against her shoulder like a big yellow chrysanthemum. He was very tired. His arms hung limply around her neck. She sniffled a little as she walked. In a few months he would probably be learning to snuggle against someone else. A permanent mother, this time. Not just a temporary one who worked in a hospital and wasn't supposed to love the babies in her department.

She wondered what it would be like to have Keith's arms around her instead of Daniel's. He would probably be clumsy. She dropped Daniel in his old crib for a temporary nap before dinner. He tucked the lumpy rag doll under his stomach and collapsed.

Jane returned to her office. She had just finished her spare handkerchief when Keith entered. He looked very grave.

"Elizabeth told me how you stopped her from going to pieces," he announced. "Very generous of her to admit it, I thought."

"Yes, it was," Jane said wearily.

"I admire her even more now than I did before. She's big enough to admit mistakes. She's going to encourage more independence in her clinic pupils. But that wasn't what I came to tell you. Elizabeth and I—we—you see—it's this way—"

"I hope you'll be very happy," she choked.

"No, no. You don't understand. Elizabeth and I were talking about marriage. And—and she said I'd better talk to you. Because, well, you see, I had you in mind."

Jane's heart began to tick like a grandfather clock. "Nice of you to call me in for consultation."

"Of course," he muttered, "a man has to be careful. Especially a doctor. Must marry a calm, sensible girl. You showed up very well this afternoon."

The throb of her blood rocked her body. "I don't want to marry you under false pretences," she cried. "My blood pressure ought to be 130. Sometimes it hits 135. And my metabolism—I'm not satisfied with it."

"Quite all right. Marriage—steady, you know. Good for us both."

"You make it sound like taking a pill."

"Eh? What?"

"I said," she stormed, "you make it sound like taking a pill! I won't marry you! I won't, I won't! I'm not calm. I'm not responsible. I have tantrums. I yell at people. Like this."

Her voice crackled like a broken glass. She started to cry and babble hysterically.

Keith grinned suddenly. He stepped close and jabbed a finger in her ribs. She gasped at him. It was like an incision, draining her of hysteria. She took a deep, steady breath. "I wouldn't have believed it," Keith said in a pleased tone. He moved closer and put his arms firmly around her.

"W-wouldn't have believed what?" she whispered finally.

"That poking a person really works," he chuckled. "I hope you won't mention that I used it. Not sound practice."

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"Did ye think the photograph I sent ye was like me, Maggie?"
"I'll ken that when I've had it developed, Jock."



MOPSY - The Cheery Redhead

Policeman: "Hey, didn't you see that notice, 'Road Closed'?"
Cyclist: (who has fallen down a hole) Yes, I did, but I found it wide open.



"Do you know you're wearing your wedding-ring on the wrong hand?"
"Yes. I married the wrong man."



"Say, Bill, if you had £5 in your pocket, what would you do?"
"Check up and find out whose pants I had on."

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"WHAT would be the proper thing to say if, in carving the duck, it should slide off the dish and into your guest's lap?"
"Be very courteous. Say, 'May I trouble you for that duck, please?'"

"DARLING, you look good enough to eat."
"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

"WHAT model is your car?"
"No model — a horrible example."

OFFICE BOY: Your wife has been on the phone, sir, to say that she wants to see you about—
Boss (irritably): About what?
Office Boy: About five, sir.
Boss (sharply): H'm—o'clock or pounds?

M.O. (to wounded Digger): What are you?
Digger: Well, I'm half Australian.
M.O.: What's the other half?
Digger: Holes and bandages.

"WELL," asked a landlady, showing a prospective lodger her bent bedroom, "what do you think of it as a whole?"
"Oh, I suppose it's all right as holes go," replied the prospective boarder, "but it was a bedroom I wanted."

"BIGGS, you have been with us for forty years. To mark our appreciation of your length of service and unswerving loyalty, you will henceforth be addressed as Mr. Biggs."

TWO middle-aged Italian business men met in a street in Milan.
"How's business?" asked one.
"Very much better," said the other.
"Better?" cried the first, with a note of incredulity in his voice.
"Yes, very much better than next year," his friend explained.

MRS. BRIGGS: Will you take back that insulting word you used?
Mrs. Sniggs: Never; not even if I needed it to solve a crossword puzzle.

"I FEEL like hitting the sergeant on the nose again."
"Again?"
"Yes, I felt like it yesterday."

"I WANT to marry your daughter."
"Do you drink?"
"Thanks. But let's settle the other matter first."

"AIN'T nature wonderful?"
"I don't see much that's wonderful in it. But what do you mean?"
"Well, a hundred years ago nobody thought of wearing glasses, yet here we are to-day with our ears fixed in the right places to put them on."

DETECTIVE (investigating burglary): Looks to me like an inside job. The burglar evidently knew just where to find everything.
Householder: Couldn't be. Nobody in this house knows where to find anything.



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

"BEEN on leave?" the man asked, looking at Dussel's regimental badges; he spoke in a pleasant, polished voice and had "Government" stamped on him.

"Yes," Dussel said. "I know some of your fellows." The man mentioned three or four names. Dussel was wearing a second lieutenant's stars; he said: "I haven't served with that battalion yet; I've only just got my commission. I'm a South African."

The King's Messenger looked interested. "I suppose a lot of you fellows have come over?"

"As many as can; there are plenty waiting."

"They'll all get a chance," said the other, picking up a paper. Dussel shifted his gas mask to a more comfortable position and leaned back in the corner. He looked at the steel chain running from the black attache case up under the Government official's cuff.

A car attendant came along announcing that the first luncheon was ready. The King's Messenger picked up his attache case. "Are you having lunch?" he asked Dussel.

"Yes," Dussel said, getting up. They started along the corridor; Dussel, following the other, kept his eyes on the attache case. It had been left to him to choose his time to operate.

They had luncheon together, the King's Messenger eating a good helping of every course. He was a stoutish man with high coloring, and Dussel knew he would have difficulty in not going to sleep when they got back to their carriage. Very possibly he would make no effort to keep awake, as he obviously had no suspicions about the young officer he was allowing to share his compartment. When coffee came Dussel took out a cigarette-case, opened it and passed it across the table.

"They are Rhodesian," he said. "I don't know if you have tried our tobacco."

"Thanks." The K.M. took a cigarette. Dussel held a match for him.

"Punry flavor—rather nice," the K.M. said after a few puffs.

Run, Rabbit, Run

Continued from page 7

"Our tobacco is quite different from Turkish or Virginian," Dussel turned his wrist and looked at his watch. The time was ten minutes to two; in another five minutes results should show.

"Shall we go back?" he said. "I expect they want to lay for the second lunch."

The King's Messenger got up; he walked steadily along the corridor, Dussel following. When they reached their carriage the K.M. sprawled back in a corner, legs outstretched, but eyes open. The attache case lay on the seat beside him, chained to his wrist; he had smoked two-thirds of the cigarette. Dussel also stretched himself out, watching his companion through nearly-closed eyes. The latter had a final puff of the cigarette, then crushed the end into an ash-tray and closed his eyes.

Dussel allowed a few minutes to pass; after this he uncrossed his legs, bringing his foot sharply against the K.M.'s leg; the latter did not stir. Dussel kicked him again; satisfied, he took the stub of the cigarette from the ash-tray and threw it out of the window. He then got up and closed the carriage door leading to the corridor. He hesitated before drawing down the blinds of the three windows, looking on to the corridor, finally doing so, as he thought the attention this might cause was a lesser risk than being observed at work by a passenger passing along the train.

Having drawn the blinds, he took his suitcase from the rack and got out his tools. At the end of ten minutes he had unlocked the attache case, photographed the papers inside, replaced them, and relocked the case. He then put his tools back in his suitcase, let the blinds up, and waited for his companion to wake.

Everything worked to schedule. After another half-hour the K.M. stirred, yawned, and opened his eyes. "Whassa time?" he asked.

"Quarter to three," Dussel said; "we shall be in soon."

The King's Messenger straightened himself, looking to see if the attache case was safe on the seat by his side. "I shouldn't have done that if I'd been alone," he said.

"Done what?" Dussel asked. "Gone to sleep; not supposed to when one's on duty."

"Are you on duty?"

The King's Messenger nodded: "Carrying dispatches; I could not have had you in the carriage if you hadn't been in uniform—matter of fact, not supposed to even then. Regulations are pretty strict when we are carrying the bag."

"It was very good of you," Dussel said; "I might have missed the train if you hadn't opened the door for me."

THE train was coming into the station. Looking out of the window Dussel saw a dark blue closed car in the yard; a uniformed chauffeur stood by the car.

"They have sent a car for me," he said.

"Why did you come by the boat train if you are not crossing till tomorrow?" the K.M. asked.

"Because boat trains are the quickest; the ticket allows travellers to break their journey."

"Aren't you travelling on a warrant?"

Dussel did not answer at once. The question was awkward, because if he was going on duty he ought to have been given a railway warrant. Hering had decided it was not worth risking a forged document when a genuine ticket could easily be bought. After a moment he said: "I paid my own fare as far as here; I might have had trouble with the authorities if I had broken my journey on a warrant."

The train had stopped; Dussel held open the door for the King's Messenger.

"Thanks very much," he said, as he joined the other on the platform. "I hope you have a good crossing."

They shook hands warmly. Carrying his suitcase Dussel made

his way out of the station and over to the blue car. As he approached, the chauffeur, whom Dussel now recognised as Hering, came forward, touched his cap and took the suitcase. Dussel was going to get into the back of the car when Hering said, in an undertone, "Sit by me."

Dussel nodded. They drove out of the station yard; Hering did not speak again till they were clear of the town. "Done it?" he asked.

"Yes," Dussel said.

"Anything of value?"

"I don't know; I photographed every document; some of the papers were in cipher."

"They will work those out when you get to the other side," Hering said.

"How am I going to do that," Dussel asked.

"Same way as you came."

Dussel lit a cigarette; he smoked for a few moments. "Do you think one of our machines will be able to land without being seen?"

"I should think it is doubtful, they are watching every inch of the sky," Hering said.

"Then why try it?"

"It is nothing to do with me; I'm only carrying out orders," Hering said.

"I haven't a chance in uniform, if I am caught."

"I have provided for that; in the back of the car you will find a German Air Force officer's uniform and flying kit, also a parachute. You will change before you leave the car. I'll take care of the uniform you are wearing. If they find out before you are picked up you will say that the pilot ordered you to bail out when he believed he was going to crash. You will then be a prisoner of war."

Dussel patted the breast pocket of his tunic where he had put the negatives of the documents that he had photographed. "What about these?"

"If you are in danger of capture you will have to get rid of them."

"How?"

"That is your affair; now we are coming to the place," Hering pulled the car to the side of the road; he pointed to the right. "You see a big field over there with a barn in the corner. You are to wait in the barn. No one is likely to disturb you; the nearest farm is a mile away and we are six miles from any town; the machine is coming for you at dusk."

Dussel, now thoroughly nervous, said: "How is a pilot who has never landed in England going to find one particular barn?"

"This pilot has landed in England and he has landed in that field; it was all worked out in peacetime. You are close to the coast, you know. You had better get into the back and change; I don't want to hang about there."

Dussel got into the back of the car. Here he found a suitcase containing a German Air Force uniform. The parachute was on the floor under a rug. Fingering the parachute, he said: "How am I going to open this thing?"

"It is folded so that you can; hurry up," Hering was looking up and down the road; he was showing signs of strain himself.

Dussel changed uniforms; as soon as he had done this he felt a great sense of relief. Except for the roll of negatives there was nothing to convict him as a spy. If anyone approached the barn he would have time to bury the negatives.

"All set?" Hering asked.

"Yes," Dussel took the parachute out of the car.

"Good luck; see you again soon," Hering let in the clutch.

You won't! Dussel thought as he watched the car start. He looked up at the sun. Dusk would set in in another half-hour. Slinging the parachute over his shoulder he set off for the barn, which lay three hundred yards from the road. No car came by as he crossed the field.

On reaching the barn he prepared his parachute, then sat down on a log in the doorway to wait. He considered his chances. Hering had said it was doubtful whether a German machine would be able to land in England unobserved. He was close to the coast, it was true; a fast machine flying high might swoop down, land, and take off again before anyone could get to the place. Then with darkness gathering there was a fair chance of escape. Maybe the scheme was not so hare-brained. Anyway, in another twenty minutes he would know.

HE looked round the barn. A farm cart and a rusty harrow were against the wall, also some tools; beyond these hay, cut in closely-pressed trusses, was stacked. Dussel walked over to look at the hay. As he did so a grimy bearded face raised itself from the top of the bundles and a voice said: "Wot cheer, mate! Got the makings?"

Dussel stood still. He realized that in the half-darkness the tramp had not seen his uniform and thought he was a fellow-hobo.

The tramp raised himself slowly and slid from the hay to the ground. He was an enormous man. He stared at Dussel, now able to see that he was in uniform. "Blimey. Where 'ave you come from?"

Dussel pointed to the roof and then to his opened parachute.

"Urt yourself?" the tramp asked. His voice was friendly. Dussel realised that the man did not know the uniform he was wearing was not British. He was a great, big, illiterate-looking brute.

"I'm all right; the machine is smashed."

"Ow are yer going to get 'ome?" the tramp asked.

"They are sending for me," Dussel said, then stood very still; overhead he could hear the drone of an engine. "I believe that is the plane coming now."

"You blokes looks arter each other," said the tramp scratching his chin.

"Oh, yes, we do that," Dussel agreed. Looking up he saw a plane circling to land.

The tramp came to the door. In the light he was now able to see Dussel's uniform clearly. He said nothing, but stared at the machine which had just touched down. It was grey and had no distinguishing marks.

The man was so rough and unkempt that Dussel felt sure he had no idea of the truth. After all, Dussel looked British enough, and spoke English perfectly. He must, however, avoid a meeting between the tramp and the German pilot who had come for him. He edged outside the door of the barn, intending to run for it.

"I must be going; sorry I can't give you a lift, good-bye," Dussel said.

"No, you don't!" said the tramp, springing suddenly to the attack. He crashed his fist into Dussel's face.

DUSSEL fell to the ground. Dazed, but not unconscious, he saw the tramp take a pitchfork standing against the wall. The man gave him a prick with it.

"If you 'ollers!" he said, shaking the pitchfork over Dussel's stomach; then he drew back behind the door, the pitchfork poised ready to bring crashing down on the head of the pilot when he came into the barn.

Dussel realised the man's plan and made a last attempt to bluff. "You will get into trouble for knocking British officers about," he said in his flawless English.

"British officers!" sneered the tramp. "I knows a Jerry when I sees one. 'Ere, take a peek at that." He drew back his jacket showing three soiled war ribbons, headed by the Mons Star, sewn to his waistcoat.

The unsuspecting German pilot came into the barn, looking for Dussel. The tramp raised the pitchfork and brought it crashing down on the pilot's head. "There's one for Adolf!" he said. "Ahl! Would yer? I told yer to stay quiet." He stunned Dussel, then made his way to the back of the barn and cut some lengths of cord from the trusses of hay.

After several minutes' work the big tramp had both his prisoners securely fixed. To make sure they did not roll towards each other and work on the cords with their teeth, if they recovered consciousness, he fastened them to the walls on opposite sides of the barn. When the job was finally completed he stood in the doorway scratching his head.

What now? Have to go to the nearest town and tell the "busties," he supposed. He had no affection for police stations. Sleeping rough in summer, tramping from spike to spike in winter, thumbing lifts, begging from door to door, flashing his greasy war ribbons, slaking a perpetual thirst with nectar-tasting glasses of cool, dark beer when he made a "touch," for twenty years he had not done one thing for England. But now he straightened his shoulders, as in army days, and set off along the highroad to find the "cops."

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The Movie World

February 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

WALT DISNEY

makes history with

"FANTASIA"

CLASSICAL MUSIC
ADAPTED TO
COLOR CARTOONS

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

SEVENTEEN hundred people recently paid £2/10/- a seat at the Broadway Theatre in New York City to see the opening page of a new chapter in screen history—the premiere of Walt Disney's "Fantasia."

Nobody knew just what to expect. A number of bewildered newspaper editors despatched their art critics, music critics, and straight news reporters along with the regular movie critics to cover the event.

Their precautions were justified, for to quote the following morning's editorial in the "New York



• Walt Disney and conductor Leopold Stokowski look over the sketches for Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," one of the eight compositions used in "Fantasia."



• Disney explains some of Mickey Mouse's comedy in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" to Stokowski (right) and Deems Taylor, famous music critic, who speaks the introductory comment for "Fantasia."

Times," "Mr. Disney has made history."

Actually "Fantasia" is composed of eight pieces of classical music, illustrated on the screen by Disney cartoons.

Roy, Walt Disney's brother, explains it as "an attempt to adapt to pictures some of the world's best music."

Someone else has called it—"Seeing music and hearing pictures."

"Fantasia" runs for two hours and twenty minutes, with a fifteen-minute intermission.

The curtains part, you see—the musicians assemble and start to tune up, Deems Taylor, well-known music critic and composer, steps forward with a brief introduction to the picture and announces the first selection, Bach's Toccata and Fugue.

Leopold Stokowski raises his baton and the performance begins.

In the Toccata and Fugue, there are no actual characters as in later items. Beautiful color patterns merging one into the other are

thrown on the screen—color such as you have never seen before.

At the conclusion of Toccata and Fugue, Taylor appears once more to introduce Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," the only sequence in which Walt's old friend, Mickey Mouse, is seen, and his first appearance, incidentally, in a feature picture.



THEN comes Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," which bids fair to be the audience favorite. It shows dewdrop fairies dancing a ballet, walking snowflakes, and solemn little Chinese mushrooms, pacing through an orderly dance—orderly except for Hop Low, the smallest mushroom, who just can't keep in step.

Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is pictured as the story of evolution.

It tells of the struggle for life in the prehistoric world and its characters range from the amoeba to the giant dinosaur and the fearsome

Tyrannosaurus Rex. The music rises to violent crescendos and the action is enough to leave any audience limp.

The next sequence, following an intermission, is in a lighter vein. The music is Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," and the action is as amusing a satire on the pompous classic ballet as you may ever hope to see.

Elephants and hippos in ballet skirts, ostriches and alligators, are the ballet artists, and the result is general hilarity.

For Beethoven's Sixth Symphony ("The Pastoral"), Disney departed from the accepted interpretation of the music, and laid his action on Mount Olympus, playground of the gods.

Centaur and centaurettes (an original Disney addition to Olympus) cavort about while Zeus and Vulcan toss thunderbolts for amusement and a roly-poly Bacchus plays with his pet donkey, Jachus!

This may sound a little alarming

to Beethoven addicts, and it did elicit a few groans from the music critics, but most of them decided it was a lot of fun anyway, and Beethoven probably wouldn't have minded—much.

The dramatic climax of "Fantasia" comes with Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain."

Here, in a picturisation of the Walpurgisnacht, or Witches' Sabbath of old European legend, a hair-raising assortment of demons cavort on a bleak mountain top.

The amazing sound effects of this sequence aid in giving the wild action a dramatic impact guaranteed to lift the audience out of its collective seat and keep it suspended in mid-air.

Then the final strains of Moussorgsky's music blend into the soothing tones of Schubert's "Ave Maria"—as a sort of indication of the triumph of good over evil.

A group of pilgrims is seen winding through a great forest that gradually seems to take on the shape of a giant cathedral and with the voices of the choir filling the theatre "Fantasia" comes to an end.

"Fantasia" may revolutionise the whole of your screen entertainment. For it introduces an entirely new technique in sound.

Sound in this film has the same perspective, as in every day life.

For instance in the Beethoven Symphony, when a winged centaur flies across the screen, the music starts at the left and follows the action across the screen to the right.

In the Toccata and Fugue the basses on the right voice a theme and are answered by the flutes on the left, carrying on a sort of musical conversation across the theatre.

In "Ave Maria" chimes come from the roof and the voices of the choir seem to soar all about the audience.

This new technique is something the movies have long looked for. It is produced by means of a type of recording patented under the name of Fantasound.

Inventors were the Disney engineers, in collaboration with RCA.

Instead of recording "Fantasia"

on a single sound track, with microphones spotted in front of the orchestra, eight separate sound tracks—each for one section of the orchestra—were used.

The eight sound tracks were then re-recorded on to a single sound film twice as wide as an ordinary film, carrying four sound tracks.

In this re-recording Stokowski was able to exercise a great deal of control over the music, raising or lowering the volume of any group of instruments as he saw fit.

The projection of Fantasound needs special equipment, which will be installed in every theatre where "Fantasia" is shown.

The four sound tracks are connected with groups of microphones placed in various parts of the house.



THIS special equipment is now being manufactured in America.

According to Disney's present plans, the picture will be shown in only one theatre in each city, and in some cases concert halls may be used.

"Fantasia" cost more than \$550,000 to make. It represents Disney's first step into the field of purely adult entertainment.

While there are certain sections that will be enjoyed by children and adults alike—the "Nutcracker Suite" and "Dance of the Hours," for example—it has not been designed for children. The dramatic force of such items as the "Rite of Spring" and "Night on Bald Mountain" would probably be a good deal too much for most youngsters.

"Fantasia" represents the opening of a new field of entertainment. If the public likes it (and in New York a trebled box-office staff is taking reservations five months in advance), Disney will continue his efforts, perhaps replacing sections of the picture with new selections as time goes on, so the world may continue the experience of "seeing music and hearing pictures."



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MARLENE dons naval uniform in "Seven Sinners"

By CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

MARLENE DIETRICH, pioneer of slacks for women, wears them on the screen for the first time in Universal's "Seven Sinners."

It's seven years since Marlene first covered those million-dollar legs in grey flannel. Her friends were horrified, warned her slacks would damage her reputation as the girl who practically invented glamour.

Marlene just laughed, said she wore them for comfort, and comfort was more important than glamor.

Meanwhile millions of women all over the world thought: "If it's good enough for Marlene, it's good enough for us."

Everyone took to slacks, on the beach, in trains, in the house, even at parties. Some looked smart. The less said about others the better.

Marlene of course looked beautiful in slacks, as in anything else. But, up till now, picture directors insisted that she display those lovely legs as much as possible in films.



NOW, in "Seven Sinners," once more a dance-hall girl, she wears slacks, actually a naval uniform, for one of her song-and-dance numbers.

And if you had any doubt about how becoming a naval uniform is, just take a look at Marlene when she dons white duck and gold braid.

Film is set in the Philippines, with Marlene as Bijou, a cafe entertainer, drifting from port to port. She plays opposite John Wayne, who, as the young naval officer, falls in love with her and wants to marry her.

I met Marlene at home one day when she was working on "Seven Sinners." She was in yellow slacks and a red shirt, told me she was pleased with the film.

"Of course I've never been to the Philippines," she told me. "I've never been anywhere. Just Paris."

Dietrich believes firmly that these dance-hall roles, with their elaborate costumes and air of personal mystery, are the right thing for her.

She dislikes playing, for instance, a beautifully-gowned society woman, and she doesn't like down-to-earth home and kitchen parts.

"Right after my first big success, 'Morocco,'" she said, the studio decided: 'Now let's get her down to earth and tie an apron around her in the next picture.'"

"And did they?" I asked.

"They did not," said Marlene.



• A study in silver, black, and gold is Marlene Dietrich in one of the costumes she wears in her new Universal film, "Seven Sinners." It's set in the tropics, with Marlene as a cafe entertainer.



• John Wayne and Marlene in "Seven Sinners." Wayne is the young naval officer who falls in love with Marlene, and Marlene dons naval uniform for one of her song numbers.

Feathers are making fine Hollywood birds

• Feathers, another fashion revived by Marlene Dietrich a few years ago, are being worn in all sorts of fanciful ways in Hollywood this season.

• Feather earrings were worn for dancing the other night by Olivia de Havilland. They were tiny swirls of deep pink coq feathers not much longer than a thumbnail, and matched her muffs.

• Ann Sheridan liked the black coq feather skirt she donned in "City For Conquest" so well that she bought it, now wears it on formal occasions. It has a bodice of black silk jersey.

• Even street and sports clothes are feather trimmed. Spring Byington goes shopping in a honey-colored wool suit, with an envelope purse of feathers. And I saw a narrow belt of turkey-red feathers meant for black-and-white pin-stripe slacks.

• Fay Bainter has a capelet of blue coq feathers, powdered in silver, for wear with a grey-and-silver evening gown.

• Geraldine Fitzgerald has a light green quill, with a "nib" of brilliants, in a rever of a moss-green suit. Looks as if she robbed her writing-desk.

• As for hats. Ida Lupino has bright blue feathers fitting like muffs over the ears with her black crepe pillbox.

• Simone Simon wears curled red feathers, draping from a black pillbox and practically caressing her chin at the sides. Sounds gratesque, looks adorable.



1 AVIATOR Tom Martin (Ray Milland) is rescued from Spanish prison by reporter Augusta Nash (Claudette Colbert), who poses as his wife.



2 RUSE is discovered after they leave prison, but they steal plane, escape in time.



3 THEN they take train for Paris, where Augusta is lauded for her "scoop."



4 ALTHOUGH Augusta repulses Tom's advances he takes her to Paris night-clubs.



5 FEARING she is falling in love with Tom, Augusta begs her chief (Walter Abel) to send her to Berlin on assignment, so that she can avoid him.



6 BUT Tom has enlisted in Polish Air Force, and they meet on the same train when they leave Paris.



7 AUGUSTA persuades Tom that they could solve their romantic problems quicker in America, and they catch first available liner, the Athenia.

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Many film stars
as guardians to
British children

From JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

RAY MILLAND recently brought to Hollywood his three English nephews, Courtney Day, 8, Reginald Wickes, 6, and an orphaned two-year-old baby.

It was while Ray was working in the Paramount film, "Arise, My Love," that he received news of the death in England of his sister—mother of the two-year-old baby.

Several other players are also looking after English child evacuees. The three children of Emyln Williams are in the care of Bob Montgomery and were brought to America by Mrs. Robert Donat.

Patricia Morison, Paramount actress, is looking after her two cousins, Ursula and Dennis Skeat, 17 and 13 respectively.

As well as individual cases, sixty-nine children from the British Actors' Orphanage are being cared for in an orphanage outside New York. Their transfer to America was arranged by Noel Coward when he was in the States.

Provides clothing

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who stars with Ray Milland in "Arise, My Love," is another of Hollywood's citizens who gives practical help to English child war victims.

She personally enlisted the help of 427 other women to knit sweaters for them and knits furiously in all her own spare time.

"Arise, My Love" has war as a background, although stress is laid on the romance of the two principals. Claudette is a smart American newspaper girl who meets Mr. Milland in the course of her European news coverage at the end of the Spanish war.

She spends most of the film running away from love, in the person of Mr. Milland, thinking she prefers a career.

Story ends in Helsinki, during the Russian attack on Finland, and has the sinking of the Athenia as a dramatic highlight.

Walter Abel has a change in roles in the film. Usually he is cast as a stuffy district attorney, or something of the kind, but here he's a temperamental newspaper man. Claudette's boss, and his fireworks provide a good deal of comedy.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ ★ CAPTURE OF BARDIA

(Week's Best Release).
Department of Information A.I.F. Cinema Unit film.

THE motion picture is playing a striking part in the history of this war.

Here is the cinema record of the capture of Bardia—an amazing record which covers the whole action from the naval shelling to the removal of the thousands of Italian prisoners.

You see the tanks and mechanised units move forward.

You watch Australian artillery shelling the town.

You catch the first forward advance of the A.I.F. infantry.

You join in the rejoicings of the Australians inside the town of Bardia itself.

Two editions (from Cinesound and Fox Movietone News) of the Bardia capture have been assembled.

Fox Movietone's reels contain extraordinary pictures of the shelling of Bardia by the navy. Cinesound has some breath-taking glimpses of the infantry actually going "over the top."

Both show the panorama of abandoned Italian mechanised units scattered around Bardia, the strongly-fortified town itself, and the prisoners, who stretch as far as the eye can see.

In all, a remarkable record of a great victory.—City and Newsreel Theatres; showing.

★ ★ ★ ARISE, MY LOVE

Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland. (Paramount.)

IN this unusual, absorbing, romantic adventure, Claudette Colbert is seen as an American newspaperwoman, Ray Milland as an American aviator.

Their love-story, which swings from bubbling, adult comedy to high drama, would be absorbing enough in itself. It is, however, given a tense, exciting atmosphere by its background—that of Europe to-day.

Paramount introduces these essen-

tially modern lovers to the audience at the end of the Spanish war. It leaves them during the present war. And throughout it creates for two fine players an illusion of complete reality.

Claudette Colbert has never done anything as sincere, bewitching and moving as her newspaperwoman.

Milland, as the aviator looking always for another war to fight in, and another girl to love, is grand.

There are other good people in the film, too—particularly Walter Abel, as Claudette's temperamental, immensely funny boss, and Dennis O'Keefe and Dick Purcell as Ray's aviator friends.

The vital entertainment of "Arise, My Love," which arouses every emotion from laughter to extraordinary suspense, is due to three separate factors—the fascinating story, which puts its people before

propaganda; the skilful, fresh direction of Mitchell Leisen; the work of Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland.

—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ★ ★ NIGHT TRAIN TO MUNICH

Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison. (British film, MGM release.)

TO England goes the credit of turning out one of the best thrillers produced since the war—about the war.

Made along the same lines as "The Lady Vanishes" it has the unflagging suspense, the variety of incident, and the unforced humor which distinguished the earlier film.

To aid their war efforts Britain and Germany both want the services of an aged Czech armor-plate inventor (James Harcourt).

When Czechoslovakia is invaded by the Germans, Harcourt and his pretty daughter (Margaret Lockwood) escape to England. Then they are captured by the rule of a member of the Gestapo.

To get them back, an English secret-service man, Rex Harrison, follows them alone to Berlin and onto the night train to Munich.

As the daring, casual Englishman,

Our Film Gradings

- ★ ★ ★ Excellent
- ★ ★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Rex Harrison is excellently cast and does an excellent job. The sinister Nazi agent is dramatically played by Paul von Hornried.

The film is full of characteristic English humor, but Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, who repeat their portrayals of two brainless, sport-conscious Englishmen from "The Lady Vanishes," begin to pall.

This is thrilling entertainment, directed with verve and originality by Carol Reed.—St. James; showing.

★ SPORTING BLOOD

Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Young. (MGM.)

THOSE two pleasant young players, Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan, are the Romeo and Juliet of this racetrack drama.

Owner of racehorses, Young returns to his old home in Virginia, which he left when his father ran away with his neighbor's wife twenty years ago.

Because of this old scandal, he meets hostility on all sides—particularly from the wronged husband (Lewis Stone).

In a vindictive spirit, Young determines to marry one of Stone's daughters—the worst blow he believes he could deal to the father.

Though it has its slow moments, "Sporting Blood" is an enjoyable, competently-acted tale of people whose lives are centred on horses. The latter share honors with attractive Robert Young, and that final race is really exciting.—Capitol; showing.

★ LADY WITH RED HAIR

Miriam Hopkins, Claude Rains. (Warners.)

BACKSTAGE drama, "The Lady with Red Hair" is a story of the life of Mrs. Leslie Carter, a famous American actress.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



FUNNIEST SIGHT OF THE WEEK—ROBERT YOUNG WHEN LEW AYRES SUBSTITUTED A LIVE LIZARD UNDER A COVERED DISH IN PLACE OF A COOKED STEAK—

PRODUCTION ON "HUDSON'S BAY" WAS DELAYED WHEN INDIAN ACTOR, CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD, COLLAPSED FROM SUNSTROKE.

6 FT. 3 IN. IN HEIGHT AND WEIGHING 300 LBS., LAIRD CREGAR MAKING HIS FILM DEBUT IN "HUDSON'S BAY" HAS BEEN NICKNAMED "JUNIOR" (IT MAKES THE OTHERS ON THE SET FEEL LESS DIMINUTIVE)

The story opens in 1889 when Miriam Hopkins as Mrs. Carter loses her good name and the custody of her son in a divorce suit.

Determined to win fame and riches to get her boy back, Mrs. Carter hounds producer David Belasco (Claude Rains) until he agrees to write a play for her. Eventually, under Belasco's guidance, she wins brilliant international success—then loses her heart to an actor (Richard Ainley).

No one out here is interested in Mrs. Leslie Carter—which doesn't help the film's appeal; and its curious Svengali-Tribby relationship between Belasco and the actress becomes irritating. Only Claude Rains' excellent performance is noteworthy.—Century; showing.

Shows Still Running

★ ★ The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. —Piano; 6th week.

★ ★ 40,000 Horsemen. Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse.—Mayfair; 5th week.

★ ★ Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in sparkling comedy.—Liberty; 5th week.

★ ★ The Mark of Zorro. Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell in exciting adventure-drama.—Regent; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

JACKIE COOGAN has unexpectedly patched up his bitter quarrel with his mother and stepfather, A. Bernstein. He has gone to live with them on their ranch.

In 1939 Jackie, you will remember, sued the Bernsteins for £1,000,000, which represented his earnings as a child screen star. Then it was found that only £63,000 was left of the fortune.

A Los Angeles court awarded Coogan and his mother £31,500 each. Jackie, recently divorced from Betty Grable, is now twenty-five years old.

NOW that Constance Bennett has her divorce from the Marquis de la Palaise, Hollywood is watching for developments. An engagement announcement, or even an early marriage, will not be too surprising.

MARGO, back in Hollywood to play a role in "Fiesta in Manhattan," says she and Francis Lederer are going through with their divorce.

GARBO has finally signed a contract to make one picture for \$37,500. This is much less than the amounts she has been getting in the past, but, except for Norma Shearer, she is still the highest-paid star at MGM.

Norma gets the same pay for each picture as Garbo.

JOHN BARRYMORE is dining out with Sally Allen. Sally used to be his girl friend in those intervals when John and Elaine quarrelled.

THE other day a pianist was discovered on the "Comrade X" set, apparently playing "mood" music for Clark Gable. He was seated behind the camera, strumming away while Gable listened intently.

Investigation proved, however, that Clark was just attempting to memorize a few bars of a popular tune which he had to hum in the next scene. "I can't remember a tune

for more than two minutes," he explained. "If I hear it just before I have to start to sing I'm set."

TWENTIETH CENTURY - FOX has issued strict orders to all employees not to teach Carmen Miranda naughty words. Stories are still current of the things Lupe Velez used to say in all innocence because someone had misled her about their meaning.

Miranda's wardrobe is one of the sensations of Hollywood. She doesn't wear her famous turbans off-stage, but goes in for the most breath-taking chapeaux.

BRENDA JOYCE hurt her arm back stage in a personal appearance tour, and had to be rushed to the hospital for treatment.

While there she became so friendly with the nurses that they were willing to give her plenty of first-hand information for her next picture, "Private Nurse."

DURING the shooting of "The Letter," Herbert Marshall was amazed at the way Bette Davis can turn the histrionics on and off at will. Bette can go through a grueling half-hour of emotional work before the camera, and the moment the scene is finished she will begin joking with the company.

Marshall calls her "Automatic Davis."

DO YOU KNOW?
1—6,000,000 germs have been found on a single fly.
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3—Typhoid fever, cholera, and dysentery are diseases spread by flies.



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LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267 Y. G.P.O., Sydney.

IMPORTANT — Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 6

"I SUPPOSE I shall have to let you redecorate it as you like then," replied Randall. "But I do stipulate that Guy shall not be allowed to have a hand in it."

Stella, whose brain was whirling, said in an uncertain voice: "I don't call this particularly funny. It may be your idea of a joke, but it isn't mine."

Randall took her hands. "I'm not joking, darling. I'm asking you to marry me. Will you?"

"No, of course not!" said Stella, wondering why her knees had begun to shake.

Randall held her hands for a minute longer, and then let them go and moved away towards the door. Stella looked after him with deep misgiving. "Are—are you going?" she faltered.

"As you see."

"But—but you can't leave me—us—like this!"

"Which do you mean?" asked Randall. "Me, or us?"

"Us! All of us! You can't surely"

"Oh yes, I can!" said Randall coolly, and laid his hand on the door-knob.

Stella said in some agitation: "I'm not going to be blackmailed into marrying you!"

He turned his head, and surveyed her enigmatically. "What do you want?" he asked. "If you are worrying about your mother's probable arrest, let me assure you that the police are now far more likely to arrest me."

"I'm not! I mean, it isn't only that! Oh, Randall, don't be such a hound!"

"I don't think much of that," he said critically. "Amiable snake was far better."

Stella hunted for her handkerchief, and said, sniffing: "Yes, I've no doubt you'll throw that up at me for the rest of my life. I can't imagine what possessed you to propose to me."

"Well, that will give you something to puzzle over any time you can't sleep," said Randall.

"You know perfectly well you don't really want to marry me!"

An expression of weary boredom descended on to Randall's face. He leaned his shoulders against the door, and said: "Do I have to make a reply to that utterly fatuous remark?"

"You think I'm fatuous, and stupid, and haven't any taste, and then you expect me to believe you want to marry me! It doesn't make sense! There's no point in discussing it, even!"

"You may have noticed," drawled Randall, "that I am making no attempt to discuss it."

Stella threw him a goaded look. "I'm perfectly willing to be friends with you—"

"Yes, I've no doubt," said Randall, "but I am not in the least willing to be friends with you."

"Very well, then, go!" said Stella, turning her back on him, and staring blindly out of the window. "I don't care!"

THE door opened, and then shut again. Stella gave a despairing sob, and wept silently into her handkerchief.

"You'd better have mine, darling; it's larger," said Randall's soft voice just behind her.

Stella jumped, and quavered: "S-snake! I loathe and detest you!"

"I know you do," said Randall, taking her in his arms, and quite firmly possessing himself of her handkerchief.

"You'll be sorry if I cry all over your beautiful c-coat!" said Stella from his shoulder.

"Forget my beautiful coat!" said Randall.

Stella groped for his handkerchief. He gave it to her, and she carefully dried her eyes with it. "If I do marry you it won't be because I'm in love with you, because of course I'm not!" she said.

"Very well, you can marry me for my money," replied Randall equably.

Stella, having finished with it, savagely thrust his handkerchief back into his breast-pocket. "You have the most hateful tongue of anyone I ever met in all my life!" she said with conviction. "If I didn't want to get away from this place I wouldn't think of marrying you for a moment! And if I do marry you it'll probably be as bad as living here, or even worse."

"Nothing could be as bad as liv-

ing here," said Randall reasonably. "I may be a hound, but at least I'm not a bore. By the way, are you going to marry me, or not?"

Stella looked for guidance at the top button of his waistcoat, and discovered that there was a smear of face-powder on the lapel of his coat, and rubbed it away with one finger.

A hand came up and captured hers, and held it. "You are required to answer, you know," said Randall.

She raised her eyes rather shyly, and blushed. "Randall, do you—truly want me to?" she asked in a very small voice.

"My dear sweet," said Randall, and kissed her.

During the next ten minutes Stella made only two remarks, both of which were somewhat breathlessly delivered, and neither of which bore any evidence of intellect. Mr. Randall Matthews said "Darling!" in answer to one, and "My little idiot!" in answer to the other. Miss Stella Matthews appeared to be perfectly satisfied with both these responses.

"I must have gone suddenly mad," she said, a little while later. "I

Animal Antics



"Come home late again to-night and I'll slap your ears down!"

don't even admire your type. And how on earth am I to tell Mummy and Guy about it? They'll never believe I mean it!"

"After this morning's exhibition they are probably prepared for the worst," replied Randall. "But I'll break the news for you, my pet."

"Oh no, you won't!" said Stella with decision. "I can just picture that scene! You'll absolutely swear to me, darling-serpent-Randall, that you won't say one single thing to annoy either of them."

"I can't," said Randall. "I shall have to leave it to you." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "I shall have to go, darling. If I don't we shall have that Superintendent arresting somebody—me in all probability."

Stella put her hand in his. "Randall, you didn't have anything to do with it, did you?"

"No, darling, in spite of every appearance to the contrary, I didn't."

She looked at him. "Do you know who did?"

He did not answer immediately. Then his clasp on her hand tightened, and he said: "Yes. I think so."

"Is it—going to be beastly?"

"Yes, very. Oh, not Aunt Zoe, sweetheart. But I'm afraid it may upset you."

"Are you going to tell the police, Randall?"

"I must tell them. I did every mortal thing I could think of to stop them from finding out the truth, and I succeeded so well that we are now most of us in danger of instant arrest. All through Aunt Harriet's accidental death! It is, I suppose, rather delightfully ironic, if you happen to be looking at it from the right angle."

"Can't you tell me, Randall? I'd rather know."

"Not now, my sweet. I think it's better kept to myself until I've done what I've got to do."

"Tell me just one thing," she said. "Is it something to do with that man—the one they can't find?"

Please turn to page 28

"Look after London till I get back..."



JIMMY LONDON is leaving home. A four-year-old with the same name as the Empire's gallant capital, he takes a manful cup of tea with Tommy Atkins on the station. And he leaves a parting order for the soldier before he sets out for safety in the quiet English countryside.

if

If you break appointments because of "regular pain"

★Never able to say: "Yes, I'll be there," but always making excuses... exhausting "period" pains keep you at home, alone, while all your friends are having a wonderful time—and everyone knows what you mean by "headache"!

Any woman who does nothing to relieve those dull heavy pains, nervousness, depression and splitting headaches is not being fair to herself. Yes, some girls still suffer each month. Others have found a sure way to end this "regular" pain and discomfort. Where once they dreaded the monthly period, they now approach it with confidence and comfort... Myzone tablets have brought them real relief from period pains.

Myzone is a wonderful new discovery, made for the special purpose of relieving the pain of menstruation without affecting the natural function, and without the need of drugs or opiates that "dope" and depress the entire system.

Myzone is helping tens of thousands of girls to enjoy good times all through the month. Give Myzone the chance to help you... get a box from your chemist to-day, and take a few tablets when you're "not well"—the slim, purse-fitting size should give you four months of comfort and relief.

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Ends Hot Burning Feet in 3 Seconds!

2,000-Year-Old Foot Secret Now Bringing Quick Relief and Lasting Comfort to Present-day Foot Sufferers.

Just 3 seconds is all the time it now takes to bring coolness and comfort to hot, burning, aching feet... rub in Frostene, new magic foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh—precious healants used by ancient desert kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands. To-day these same fragrant, penetrating, antiseptic ingredients will soothe and cool your feet during the hot summer days that now cause burning, aching and swelling.

See how this delicious white Frostene cream vanishes into the skin, feel how quickly it eases inflamed congested nerves and tissues, reduces swelling, and deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat.

Get a generous magic-acting tube of Frostene from your chemist to-day. Greaseless, stainless. Rub into feet night and morning—and enjoy the comfort of cool, refreshed feet all through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense.—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orelx Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 26

"EVERYTHING," he answered, and kissed her, and got up from the sofa. "I'll ring you up to-night, my love. Don't worry!"

"As long as they don't arrest Mummy or Guy while you're gone," she said doubtfully.

"They won't do that. They'll merely interrogate them in the light of the new discovery, and I don't suppose that even your little brother Guy can compromise himself sufficiently to make Hannasyde apply for a warrant for his arrest. Moreover, Hannasyde is hot on my trail now, and will in all probability put in some hours of research into my immediate past."

It seemed as though he was right. When Superintendent Hannasyde saw Stella twenty minutes later he asked her if Randall were still in the house. When she shook her head he looked at her (or so she thought) rather intently, and inquired whether she knew where he had gone. She was glad to be able to say that she had no idea, but felt herself blushing.

However, the Superintendent either did not notice this, or else he set no store by it, for he merely said that he expected he should find Randall at his flat, and went away with the Sergeant.

The Sergeant was in a thoughtful mood; and while they walked down the drive he did not speak. But at the gate he said: "Chief, I don't set myself up to know better than you, but when you let him go you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"You know perfectly well I've no warrant for his arrest," said Hannasyde.

"Do you think he did it, Super?" inquired the Sergeant.

"No, I don't."

The Sergeant stopped short. "You don't?" he repeated. "What about that line of talk he put over about giving away all his uncle's money?"

"He didn't say anything about that to me," said Hannasyde, with what his subordinate could only feel to be wooden placidity.

"He seems to have said it to the girl all right," the Sergeant pointed out, once more falling into step beside him.

"That's a very different matter."

"Is it, is it?" said the Sergeant. "I'm bound to say I don't see it myself, not immediately."

"Ah, Skipper, that's where psychology comes in!" said Hannasyde maliciously. "Randall Matthews wasn't pleased with Miss Stella for blurring that out."

The Sergeant eyed him sideways, and with a good deal of expression, but all he said was: "Well, bearing his antics in mind, and assuming that he didn't put that murder over, what is his little game, Super?"

"I suspect," said Hannasyde, "to prevent us from ever finding out the truth."

"Chief," said the Sergeant severely, "you've got something up your sleeve!"

"I think I've got an inkling of the truth," admitted Hannasyde. "That young man, Randall Matthews, has got to be made to talk."

But when they arrived at Randall's flat they found only Benson, who informed them, not without satisfaction, that his master was out, and not expected back until the evening.

"Mr. Matthews has been here, within the past hour?" interposed Hannasyde.

"Certainly he has," replied Benson. He added grudgingly: "What's more, Mr. Matthews left a message in case you should call."

"Well?"

"He will not be at home all day, but if you care to come round at nine o'clock this evening he will be happy to see you," said Benson.

"Tell him when he comes in that I

shall call at that time, then," said Hannasyde, and moved away towards the stairs.

"And what," demanded the Sergeant, "is my lord up to now, if I may ask?"

"You may ask," said Hannasyde, "but I'm hanged if I can tell you. Unless, for some reason or other, he wants to ward me off for a few hours."

"We'll look clever if the next we hear of him is on the Continent somewhere," remarked the Sergeant.

"What's gone wrong with your psychology?" asked Hannasyde.

"There's nothing gone wrong with it," said the Sergeant. "But if you weren't my superior, Chief—I say, if you weren't—I should be asking you what had happened to make you lose your grip all of a sudden."

"Don't worry!" said Hannasyde. "I haven't lost it yet. You can put a man on to watch that flat, if it will make you feel happier. Tell him to report to the Yard anything that happens—particularly Randall's return."

It was not until eight o'clock in the evening that the detective watching the flat got into touch with Sergeant Hemingway at Scotland Yard. He rang up then with the news that Randall had come home five minutes before.

The Sergeant relayed this information, and waited for instructions.

"JUST on eight o'clock," said Hannasyde, glancing at his wrist-watch. "He's come home to dinner, I should say. Tell Jepson to keep a sharp look-out, and if Matthews goes out again to tail him."

But Randall did not go out again, and when Hannasyde arrived at his flat at nine o'clock he was ushered immediately into the library, and found Randall there, lounging in the depths of a large armchair.

He was looking tired, and not in the least amiable. There was a crease between his dark brows, and a grimace about his mouth which Hannasyde had never seen before.

"Come in, Superintendent," he said. "Where is your satellite?"

"I'm alone," replied Hannasyde.

Randall looked him over. "How

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.



WEDNESDAY, January 29.
Mr. Edwards, the Australian Women's Weekly Home Gardener—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 30.—June Marsden—Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, January 31.—Highlights from Opera.

SATURDAY, February 1.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, February 2.—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: Reviewing Ancient Prophecies.

MONDAY, February 3.—Musical Mix-up—Patricia Morrison.

TUESDAY, February 4.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS

1—Thank you, Franklin D. Roosevelt, for again so stoutly championing our cause with your Aid to Britain Bill. That "D." in your name, by the way, stands for

Delaware—Daniel—Davis—Delano—Doriel.

2—"I've ordered Jonathans. I do love peaches so," said Mrs. Suburbs. This is absurd, of course, seeing that Jonathans are not peaches, but

Pears—beans—apples—tomatoes—oranges.

3—Scouts the world over have mourned the passing of their founder and World Chief, Lord Baden-Powell. His foundation of the great Boy Scout movement was inspired by his work with boys

As a junior master at Charterhouse School—as a social service worker in the London slums—during the siege of Mafeking—when organising the South African Constabulary.

4—In which of these Australian States has iron been found? Queensland—New South Wales—Victoria—South Australia—West Australia.

5—We call it familiarly a "cello," but its official name is Violoncello—celloforte—violoncello—violinello.

6—Greece's national colors are Light blue and dark blue—sky-blue and white—orange-blue and yellow—red and white—red and light blue.

7—Get all literary now, and supply the line which follows: Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

8—Can you arrange these canals in descending order of size? Panama—Suez—Kiel.

9—And while we're cruising round on the water, pick out the higher of these two ranks in our Navy. Rear-Admiral—Vice-Admiral.

10—Lucky last! In the metric system, the unit of capacity is the Metre—litre—are—gramme.

Answers on page 32.

fortunate! I wanted you alone," he said.

"I thought perhaps you might," said Hannasyde.

Randall continued to regard him for a moment, and then bent over the table and picked up the coffee-pot. "Did you?" he said. "Do you know, I begin to think well of your intelligence, Superintendent."

"I have always thought well of yours, Mr. Matthews, though I may not have approved the uses it has been put to," retorted Hannasyde.

At that the smile did flicker for an instant in Randall's eyes. "Tut, tut, Superintendent." He handed a fragile cup and saucer to Hannasyde. "Brandy or Benedictine?"

"Thank you, brandy, please."

Hannasyde took the glass, and said: "Yes! But I believe it is also a red-letter day in that you are going—at last—to tell me what, up till now, you have been so busily concealing."

"Cigars at your elbow," murmured Randall. "It is a thoroughly nauseating affair, Superintendent, and I may mention in passing that my thoughts of my deceased Aunt Harriet are not loving ones. He sipped his brandy. "Do you want me to remember that you are a member of the C.I.D., or would you like me to tell you the unvarnished truth?"

"The unvarnished truth, please."

"Yes, I dare say," Randall drawled. "But it will have to be without prejudice, Superintendent."

Hannasyde hesitated. "I can't promise anything, but I'm out to solve a murder case, not to bring a charge against you for getting hold of Hyde's papers by using a false name and a pair of sun-glasses."

"It would be rather paltry, wouldn't it?" agreed Randall.

"Worse than that. I rather think you may have been within your rights when you took possession of those papers."

Randall looked pensively down at him. "Now, when did you tumble to that, Superintendent?" he asked.

"When your cousin told me that you were going to give away all your uncle's money, Mr. Matthews."

"Ah!" said Randall. "That was certainly a mistake on my part."

He walked across the room to his desk, and picked up the evening paper that lay there, and came slowly back with it. "I think that's the most important part of my story—as far as you are concerned," he said, and handed the paper to Hannasyde. "The second paragraph," he said.

Hannasyde shot one quick look at him, and then lowered his gaze to

the column just below the fold in the newspaper.

"Accident on the Piccadilly Tube" was the heading. Underneath was a brief statement that shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon a middle-aged man threw himself in front of an express train at Hyde Park Corner Station. It was understood that the man was a Mr. Edward Rumbold, of Holly Lodge, Grinley Heath, well known in city circles as the head of a firm of wool exporters.

Hannasyde read it deliberately through, and then laid down the paper. "I think you have a good deal to explain to me, Mr. Matthews," he said sternly. "What am I to understand by this?"

Randall finished his brandy, and set the glass down on the mantelpiece behind him. "Well, there won't be a case, Superintendent," he answered.

"He murdered your uncle?"

"Incredible, isn't it?" said Randall. "But quite true. Only I think we won't call it murder. My uncle had been blackmailing him for years."

"Then your uncle was John Hyde?" Hannasyde said swiftly.

"Yes, he was. But you'd already guessed that, I think. I hope you appreciate his choice of pseudonym. He had a pretty sense of humor, hadn't he?"

"How long have you known this?" demanded Hannasyde.

"Known for certain? Since the day I visited your friend Brown. He rather thought he had seen me before. I am not at all unlike my uncle."

"But you suspected before that?"

"Oh yes, some time before."

Hannasyde brought his hand down on his knee. "Now I know what it was you saw in that drawer!" he said, annoyance in his voice. "I ought to have thought of that sooner!"

Randall looked down at him with faint amusement. "My dear Superintendent! What drawer?"

"In your uncle's desk. There was a pair of sun-glasses, horn-rimmed. I thought at the time that you had expected to see something which wasn't there."

Randall gave a little laugh. "Oh no! But my uncle not only never wore sun-glasses, but poured scorn on those who did. I merely thought it a little odd when I saw that pair in his desk. I think, you know, that I had better tell you just what happened."

Hannasyde nodded, and watched him move towards the deep chair and sit down on one of its arms.

Please turn to page 30



★THE SPOTLIGHT'S
ON YOUR HAIR!

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous will give your daughter beautiful hair for the rest of her life.

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous gives you gleaming, lustrous hair that is lovely to look at and easy to manage.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, dry or brittle hair, over-oily or itching scalp.

**BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous**

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/- bottle.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

**WILL
HEAL
IT CLEAN!
ECZEMA**



Ecema! — maddening itch — raw, sore, pain — unsightly! dangerous! spreading! — yet how rapidly even the obstinate skin trouble yields to the magic healing power of Germolene.

ULCERS

Germolene has conquered ulcers when all else has failed. It has banished pain that had persisted for years. Cleared away poisonous matter that never seemed to stop discharging and made smooth, supple skin, heal over cleansed healthy flesh!

SCALDS, BURNS

For all burns, scalds, abrasions and other accidental injuries, Germolene is the ideal healer. It prevents the entry of dangerous germs to the wound, soothes the intense pain and commences healing almost immediately.

SORE FEET

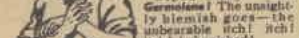
At the first touch of Germolene smarting, itching burning and pain is stopped. Swelling is reduced, obnoxious odour is banished. Germolene soothes the skin and leaves it smooth, supple and healthy.

IRRITATION

Even the most maddening, nerve-racking irritation can be literally wiped away with Germolene! The unsightly blenching going — the unbearable itch! Itch! Itch! is banished!

CUTS, WOUNDS

Germolene makes short work of cuts, for it has the power to heal the worst wounds! Yes — even a long-standing, festering wound yields to its deep-penetrating, cleansing, healing power! Clean it clean and not a scar remains!



From all Chemists & Stores. Prices 1/6 and 1/3.

Agents: HAROLD F. BEECHER (Aust.) (Pty.) LTD., 360/354 William Street, Melbourne.

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Women also Serve..

**Fine war job
in all States
by C.W.A.**

FROM tiny inland towns to far-flung coastal districts, members of the various State Country Women's Associations are contributing time and money to Australia's war effort.

Thousands of pounds have been raised by direct giving, and comforts of all kinds have been forwarded to capital cities for distribution to the three services, the British Bombing Victims Fund, the Polish War Fund, the Finnish War Fund, and other war appeals.

With typical generosity, country women have opened their homes to service men in camps in their districts, and metropolitan members help at canteens and hostels.

In New South Wales there are 19,000 members in the 358 branches. At the headquarters in Macquarie Place, Sydney, one large room is devoted to receiving parcels, giving out wool, and reconditioning socks and other garments.

In another room, regular workers make gloves, mittens, wristlets, slippers, and innersoles for shoes from the scraps left over from the manufacture of sheepskin vests.

Even the smallest scrap is used, and since August, 1940, the workers have completed 600 pairs of gloves, 500 pairs of mittens, 350 pairs of slippers, 500 pairs of innersoles, and 400 pairs of wristlets.

Under the direction of the State President, Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, and hon. State secretary, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, who is also chairman of the War Workers' Committee, the C.W.A. war effort is progressing vigorously.

"We have spent £1235/2/6 on materials and wool," said Mrs. W. F. Satchell, honorary secretary of the War Workers' Committee.

Year's total

"AMONG our other interesting statistics for the year ended December 31 we can list the collection of 5756 pairs of socks, 309 khaki shirts, 585 flannel shirts, 472 pairs of pyjamas, 664 scarves, 609 balaclavas, 372 pairs knitted mittens, 225 handkerchiefs, cigarettes, tobacco, soap, towels, magazines, books, cakes, sweets, and many articles for the Red Cross such as bandages and splints.

"Our outback districts have fine records of work.

"Between October, 1940, and January of this year, the Central Western group raised £600 for an ambulance.

"From Tibbooburra, the most outback district, which is 200 miles beyond Broken Hill, the members sent £230 to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

"These are only two examples of what is being done, and we could quote many more," said Mrs. Satchell.

At Newcastle, the C.W.A. holiday home has been turned into a hostel for service men, and C.W.A. members are formed into a voluntary staff.

The 315 branches and 67 Younger Sets of the C.W.A. in Victoria, numbering 17,000 members in all, have a fine record of varied war work.

Victoria's C.W.A. president is Mrs. A. C. Bennett, of Dimboola.

As much of the C.W.A. war effort in Victoria is linked with handicrafts and home industries, the job of co-ordinating the many types of war work has fallen to Mrs. R. T. A. McDonald, chairman of the Handicrafts and Home Industries Committee.

From headquarters in Melbourne she directs the work of the C.W.A. Patriotic Comforts Fund, inaugurated at the beginning of the war to send supplies of free wool to small and distant branches.

"We also notice a great increase in our weaving and spinning classes since the war. It takes less time and less wool to weave a service scarf than to knit one," said Mrs. McDonald.

"Though we have just begun to



WOOL IS WEIGHED at the Sydney Central Depot of the Country Women's Association by Miss E. Scott before she hands it for distribution to Mrs. W. F. Satchell, honorary secretary of the War Workers' Committee.

EMPIRE GIFT

THE C.W.A. is taking up a collection among members with the object of making a direct and unconditional gift to the Empire. The sum, which is being raised through Mrs. W. Sargood, International Officer and Australian vice-president of the Associated Country Women of the World, has now reached £2297/10/7, and is still growing.

So far, Victoria tops the subscription list with more than £1000. Each member is asked to give 1d. a week.

make sheepskin vests for airmen, and gloves, innersoles and hospital slippers from the pieces left over, we have already sent away 75 vests."

Victoria was the first State to begin training girls in farm work. Mrs. S. V. Sewell, who instituted the scheme in case Australia needs a women's land army, has already trained 22 girls at her farm at Berwick. All have been absorbed in country districts, where they are doing all types of farm work.

Another important effort is the Silver Junk Fund run by Mrs. W. Kilpatrick and Miss Forbes in conjunction with the C.W.A. to collect enough money to purchase a mobile head surgery unit for the Army Medical Corps.

"The A.I.P. Women's Association is appealing for herbs. We are asking our members to grow and dry herbs, and are distributing roots to those who are willing to do so," said Mrs. McDonald.

Many activities

WITH their patron, Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey; their president, Mrs. I. J. Warner; and secretary, Mrs. C. E. Delling, country women of South Australia can look back with pride to their unified war effort for the past year.

National Service work carried out by the 90 branches of the S.A. Country Women's Association includes:—The opening of the C.W.A. Interest-Free War Loan; the foundation of War Savings Certificates groups; the inauguration of a three months' drive which resulted in the purchase of a mobile surgery unit and a portable X-ray for the Second A.I.P.

The establishment of the C.W.A. Guild of Spinners; the Fleece Wool Relief Committee; the Sheepskin Vests Committee; the inauguration of a fund to get a £1700 aeroplane for training wartime Australian pilots; a women's land work survey, and the foundation of Emergency Work Circles to make wartime comforts.

"I am proud to say that country women have contributed just on

£1300 to the Interest-Free War Loan," said Mrs. H. W. Hodgetts, who is in charge of this section of C.W.A. war work.

Fifty-nine groups are contributing regularly to War Savings Certificates at the rate of about 1/- a person in groups averaging 16 persons, according to Mrs. Bob Sillett, assistant State secretary, who is organising the C.W.A. War Savings Groups.

Country women are working now to raise £1700 for an aeroplane for training wartime Australian pilots. £870 has been raised so far.

Cosy sheepskin vests are made by the Sheepskin Vests Committee for men in the navy. Felts are sent in from many country districts and scraps are made into hospital slippers and gloves.

Full of optimism for the continuance of the war work being done is Mrs. Edward Farmer, State president of the Queensland C.W.A.

For the penny per member Empire Scheme, Queensland has collected £3590.

With the Sheepskin Vest appeal Queensland has done well, too, £767 has been raised, which has purchased many vests.

Mrs. Harry Sterne, State treasurer of the C.W.A. in Queensland, is president of the Warwick comforts fund, and has organised the formation of seven branches and groups of the A.C.P. since war began.

As State treasurer, Mrs. Sterne is the link between the Association and the Federal and State authorities.

Forty women in Brisbane, members of the metropolitan branch of the C.W.A. comforts fund, meet once a month in the rooms in Queen Street, where they sew and knit.

In West Australia the 5420 members are engaged in comprehensive war work activities under the direction of State president Mrs. Leslie Craig and secretary Mrs. Niblock.

FLIES Garry Disease



This baby must
be PROTECTED
so we're back to
FLY-TOX

Fly infection is too serious to take a gamble on — babies are too precious for that. So we're back to Fly-Tox. Cheap, inferior sprays are not economical — they don't kill — we've tried them. Fly-Tox is a proved spray — it kills all insects; and so keeps the home free from dreaded fly infection. For your own protection get back to Fly-Tox — it kills all insects.

Back to
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS all INSECTS

5-8-40



Prevent rough hands with
**HINDS
& ALMOND
CREAM**

Extra Creamy... Richer... Acting

FREE OFFER! To put
something in your hair send this advert, with
your name, address and colour of your hair
to Box 585-24, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt.
Camellione Tintura will be sent free.

W.W. 1/2/41

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Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no ailments. All you do is take two instant-release tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove straining phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma, opened first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work eliminating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under our iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

**CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco**
Now in 3 sizes .. 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Personality behind radio "voice"

Brian Wright
is versatile
announcer

As a "voice" that has been heard throughout Australia, Brian Wright, 2GB's new evening announcer, has had a wide radio experience.

If he is not yet famous by name he is by voice, for he has often had people say to him: "I've met you somewhere before," and then add, "Oh! it's your voice I've heard."

BRIAN WRIGHT'S voice has become well known on commercial discs and as compere for a number of big radio presentations.

He has also appeared in many Lux Radio Theatre productions, including "My Favorite Wife" and "Showboat."

He has appeared in numerous plays for the A.B.C., among them being a whole season of Shakespeare, a series of Saturday evening pantomimes, and a prominent role in the A.B.C.'s Christmas presentation of "The Lay of the Magic Magi."

Brian has a pleasant personality with a good sense of humor.

Although remarkably versatile, his services having been used in comedy, dramatic, character and musical roles, his favorite interest appears to be in his singing.

He has doubled on records for more prominent "names" and in many instances his singing voice has been highly praised.

When asked what it feels like to be known merely as a "voice," Mr. Wright said that it has its advantages and disadvantages.

He smilingly remarked that although most of his "voices" have been on commercial discs and as a double for singing roles, he has also been heard as weird animals, fowls, birds, trains, and so on.

But all these sound effects have helped to build up his experience and add to his ever-increasing knowledge of the radio business.

Brian Wright always wanted to act, and it was while he was at



BRIAN WRIGHT, radio singer and actor, is new announcer at 2GB.

school that the urge to be an actor first really exerted itself.

After leaving school he joined an amateur theatre group and remained a member for some years. Then he and three friends decided to set up their own theatre movement. They named it the "Thirty-eighth Theatre."

They had big plans, but not the money to carry them through. Brian recalls that their first production, quite an elaborate effort, cost £80 to produce, and the box-office receipts amounted to £79 1/6, which put them 12/6 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Too "highbrow"

BUT it wasn't this production that put them out of business.

It was when they decided to go "highbrow" that the venture failed. Brian was against the idea, maintaining that they should at least put on a few plays of popular interest and box-office value till their position was secure.

Although Brian is fond of the theatre, he finds radio most stimulating, and says that the opportunities presenting themselves in the latter field are unlimited and therefore wide open to anybody with ideas and talent.

For some time a freelance worker, Brian accepted the 2GB offer—after having refused two or three others—because this station is the one which he considers encourages the personality angle and the showmanship possibilities of radio entertainment.

His delightful voice and pleasing, easy personality will now be heard over station 2GB.

Listeners are sure to know the "voice," but now they will also learn to know the personality behind the voice.

RANDALL lit a cigarette and smoked in silence for a minute, frowning. "Well, to go back to the very beginning, Edward Rumbold had a wife living in Australia. The lady at Holly Lodge isn't aware of this—but as Rumbold was not our friend's real name, I hardly think it will be necessary to tell her that she has been bigamously married for the past ten years, do you?"

"I don't know. Please go on!" "My uncle, under the name of John Hyde, was, even as far back as that date, carrying on quite a lucrative, though not extensive, business in the blackmailing line. What led him to start it, I can't tell you, nor have I discovered who, or perhaps what, it was that first put him on to Rumbold's track. From indications among his papers, I imagine that his methods were painstaking rather than brilliant. He got a lot of information through the usual sources, of course, but this particular information was supplied by a firm of private detectives in Melbourne."

"The real Mrs. Rumbold—but her name is Fletcher—is a Roman Catholic of extreme piety and rigor. Hence the reason Rumbold was not able to get a divorce."

He paused, and flicked the ash from his cigarette on to the floor. "Well, all that isn't very interesting. We'll go on to my charming uncle's part in the affair. He got together the facts—oh, some time before Rumbold went to live next door to him—and he applied pressure with the usual results. Only he mistook his man. Rumbold paid all right, and went on paying, but he set himself to discover the identity of his blackmailers."

"He had never set eyes on my uncle, but he watched that newsagent's shop for weeks—till he was sure that the spectacled man who continually visited it, and stayed so long in it, must be Hyde. Then he shadowed Hyde, and in the end he identified him with Gregory Matthews. That was four years ago."

"I like to think of that grim, patient determination to kill my uncle. I am only sorry that, in the nature of things, my uncle couldn't know that sooner or later he was going to be killed by one of his own victims. He didn't even suspect that Rumbold knew who he was. Not even when Rumbold went to live at Holly Lodge. He bought that house, knowing that the existing tenants' lease expired in two years' time. When they left the house he and Mrs. Rumbold moved into it."

"You know, I admire him, don't you? He did nothing in a hurry. He just cultivated his next-door neighbors. He became the ideal friend of the family. He even played chess with my uncle—and let him win. I hope you appreciate that situation. My uncle, I am convinced, derived intense amusement from it. So did Rumbold. It took him eighteen months to reach the state of intimacy with my family which would

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 28

allow him to become a persona grata about the house.

"When he had been at Holly Lodge about two years—long enough for him to be no suspicious newcomer to the district, I hope you realise—he put his four-year-old plan into execution. It isn't a very difficult matter, given a smattering of chemistry, to get nicotine out of tobacco, and it wasn't difficult to find an opportunity to substitute his poisoned tube of toothpaste for the one my uncle was using."

"He effected the exchange on the day he and his wife called at the Poptars to take leave of my aunt before going for a week or ten days to the sea. Then he went away with Mrs. Rumbold and stayed away until after my uncle's death."

Again he paused, and glanced at Hannassey. "It is rather staggering, isn't it? Nothing left to chance, nothing done in a hurry. The idea was that no one but himself would ever know that my uncle had been poisoned, but he provided himself with an unshakable alibi in case of accidents. And there were two accidents. First, that confounded aunt of mine demanded a post-mortem. Why she did, what prompted her, goodness alone knows! And second, my deplorable Aunt Harriet's magpie instincts caused her to walk off with that tube of poisoned toothpaste."

WHEN Rumbold returned to Holly Lodge his first care was to find and dispose of that tube. He and his wife went to condole with my aunt, and he contrived, with my Aunt Harriet's unwitting help, to dirty his hands among the flowerpots in the conservatory. He went upstairs to wash them in my uncle's bathroom, and he found it swept bare. That was the first hint he had that things were going wrong.

"He was worried, but a casual question put to my Aunt Harriet—actually in my presence—brought forth the information that she had burned such of my uncle's possessions as were of no use to anybody. He not unnaturally assumed that the toothpaste must have been among them."

"Well, he went on being the perfect friend of the family. He was indeed genuinely sorry for the unpleasantness the family was going through, and he did what he could to smooth things, and to keep my somewhat excitable relatives moderately calm. What he did not bargain for was to find Fielding with a motive for having committed the murder. He knew that Guy was bound to be a suspect, but he credited you with sufficient intelligence, Superintendent, to doubt Guy's capability. Which I think you did."

"Yes, from the first," Hannassey

said curtly. "Not the type to use a rare poison. But go on, please."

"Fielding," Randall said. "Well, Fielding looked like becoming a complication. Rumbold didn't want anyone to suffer the consequences of his crime. If the worst came to the worst, he was prepared to clear up the mess. But he kept his head, and waited. Things looked like blowing over. That was thanks to me, but he didn't know that. Then an entirely unforeseen disaster occurred in the death of my Aunt Harriet."

"Rumbold was not only horrified on his own account; he was profoundly upset on hers. When he heard what sort of a case my clever Aunt Zoe had built up against herself, he realised that he might have to intervene to save her from arrest at any moment. When I came down and dropped some of my more airy remarks on the subject of Hyde he guessed that I should probably save him the trouble of telling you the truth."

"By that time it looked to me as though I should have to. Partly owing to fright and partly to innate hypocrisy, my Aunt Zoe was queering her own pitch by telling you improbable lies, while Guy, from what I was able to gather, had thought it the moment to make a grand gesture with the noble intention of saving his mother from the scaffold, and the quite opposite effect of making you suspect her rather more strongly than before."

"But the worst was that you had discovered the medium through which the poison was administered. Once you had that you weren't likely to let up on the case. It was entirely obvious to me that I was, with the destruction of my alibi, the hottest candidate for arrest. Well, Superintendent, Rumbold had my approval, but I can't say that I felt the least inclination to perish without a cry either to protect him or the family honor."

"Obviously, I should have to cry extremely loudly, whether you arrested me, or my Aunt Zoe, or my irrelevant cousin, Guy. Well, I have a rooted objection to loud noises. That is why Rumbold has committed suicide—in a fit of temporary insanity, shall we say?—and why you are here, listening to me without prejudice."

Hannassey got up. "Mr. Matthews, do you realise the part you've played in this?" he demanded.

"None better," said Randall. "I rather think I must be an accessory after the fact."

"Do you imagine that I can possibly hush this up?"

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" Randall inquired amiably. "Are you going to get the Public Prosecutor to bring a case against a dead man?"

"Have you any proof of what you've told me?"

Please turn to page 32

DO YOU KNOW?

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES' TEETH FREE FROM DECAY

The TEETH OF THE MUMMIES OF THE EARLIEST INHABITANTS OF EGYPT WERE FOUND FREE OF DECAY! SCIENTISTS DECLARE THIS IS DUE TO THE MESSAGE YOUR GUMS REGULARLY MASSAGE YOUR TEETH WITH KOLYNOS, AND YOU NEED NEVER SUFFER FROM DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS CLEANS SURGICALLY DOWN TO THE WHITE ENAMEL LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 AND 2/4

BITTER RIVALS ON SAME STATUE!

AS A RESULT OF BITTER CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MORTON AND JACKSON ON THE QUESTION OF THE DISCOVERY OF ANAESTHESIA BY ETHER, IT WAS PROPOSED THAT STATUES SHOULD BE ERECTED TO BOTH, AND ON THE COMMON PEDESTAL THE WORD "ETHER" BE INSCRIBED.

BACTERIAL MOUTH ALWAYS MEANS DENTAL DECAY. BACTERIAL FOOD PARTICLES WHEN REMOVED BY KOLYNOS CLEANS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY DOWN TO THE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS REMOVES FOOD PARTICLES DOWN TO THE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS REMOVES FOOD PARTICLES DOWN TO THE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS REMOVES FOOD PARTICLES DOWN TO THE ENAMEL.

KING JAMES I OF ENGLAND

WAS FORCED TO BOLT HIS FOOD BECAUSE OF DECAYED TEETH. THIS LED TO SERIOUS AND TRAGIC ILLNESS.

KOLYNOS LASTS THREE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. MAKES AN INK-RED DRY MOUTH PLENTY.

LION'S TEETH look like SAW EDGES.

WRITER IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological
Research Society

**Astrologers
regard Aquarians
(people born be-
tween January 20
and February 19)
as 'unpredictable.'**

THEY are dual-natured, also original, inventive, sometimes irrational and radical, and frequently both erratic and eccentric—a combination which defies analysis along stereotyped lines.

However, routine channels of behaviour and self-expression must be laid down for Aquarians just as for those of other signs, for not only do other people find it hard to understand them, but they seldom understand themselves.

The majority of Aquarians belong automatically to the new age, with its advanced views on humane brotherhood, modernisation, science, reforms and that which is new, strange, and original.

Instead of scattering their energies along minor channels of these interests, they should learn to utilise the streak in their nature that makes them constructive, and avoid at all costs that which is too bizarre, extreme, outrageous, peculiar, or crazy.

There's a very thin line dividing most Aquarians from full and useful lives as geniuses and reformers and existence as cranks and trouble-makers. Much depends upon the Aquarians themselves and the training they receive as children.

Parents of Aquarian-born children should therefore try to realise their responsibilities and direct their children with wisdom.

DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You can turn February 1, 4, and 5 (morning) to very fair account if you plan constructively and work diligently.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Trouble is on the trail of most Taurians just now. Try to dodge it by the use of wisdom, patience, and general common sense. Don't argue, make demands, or be selfish. Try to avoid delays, difficulties and upsets.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Many Geminitas will find February 4, 7, and 8 (morning) productive of much business and many opportunities, especially if they plan wisely ahead and go out after things when these days arrive. February 8 should be especially helpful, especially in the forenoon.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Just a week at days for most Cancerians, an complete routine tasks and plan for the near future. February 8 (p.m.), just fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): The stars of most Leonians are adverse just now, and prestage a predominance of obstacles, worries, losses, disappointments, and general disruptions. Take things quietly. By patience, co-operation, and common sense you may be able to dodge many troubles. Be especially wise and quiet on February 3, 4, and 5.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Not an especially helpful time for most Virgoans, yet urgent matters which cannot wait for some weeks must be attempted now, or not at all. February 1 (after 4 p.m.), 4, and 5 mildly helpful.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): A good time can now be had by most Librans, especially if they go about seeking success and happiness in the proper way. Don't be diffident or lazy. Plan wisely, work diligently, and be confident and optimistic. Commence special matters on February 6, 7, and 8 (a.m.).

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Be on special guard against trouble at this time, more especially on February 1, 4, and 5. Oversee Scorpions can get into difficulties and be haunted by delays, worries, and upsets. Avoid arguments, be patient, make no important changes.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): There's no reason why you should not turn February 1, 2, 3 (morning) to very fair account in semi-important matters, especially if you plan wisely and are constructive.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Continue to consolidate your position. New ventures will not get much help from your stars and may even go astray. February 3 (after 4 p.m. only), 4, and 5, just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): February 3, 4, and 5 are not likely to help you much, but if you act wisely and confidently on sensible lines on February 6, 7, and 8 (morning) you may force opportunity or turn those that offer to especially good account. Plan ahead.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just a time of routine tasks for most Pisceans, so don't get anxious over monotony. Better times are ahead, so concentrate on plans for the near future. February 8 (after noon) best but weak.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in Central Africa with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They have entered the den of **BESA:** The Wambesi sorcerer, who has captured **LIBIE CARR:** Daughter of Colonel Carr, and fiancée of **TOD BROWNELL:** Who has been left be-

hind at Fort Radi because his life has been threatened.

When Mandrake and Lothar enter the cave Besa sets fire to the corridor, but they find a pool to shelter in. They discover that to cross a floor which is alive with scorpions they must swing on a rope, and Mandrake sends Lothar back. **NOW READ ON.**



"THERE will be Rumbold's written statement, and I have preserved for your perusal the evidence culled from my Uncle Hyde's papers. In my character of executor I burned everything but the documents that dealt with Rumbold's case. I think your department will keep it as quiet as possible. Superintendent, Caza of the murder of blackmailers are rather ticklish, aren't they? So few people have any sympathy with the victim."

"You can, of course, bring a case against me for suppressing evidence, but under the circumstances I'm inclined to think that might be a bit ticklish, too. You would merely stir up a great deal of mud for nothing. May I offer you a whisky and soda?"

"Yes, you may!" said Hannasyde, with something of a snarl.

Randall gave his soft laugh, and went over to a table against the wall where the whisky decanter stood and mixed two drinks. He came back with them, and gave one to Hannasyde. "Well, Superintendent?" he said.

Hannasyde sat down again. "You had better tell me the rest of it. If

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 30

I choose to bring it up against you at a prosecution, it will only be my word against yours," he added sarcastically.

"I shouldn't dream of contradicting you," said Randall in his most dulcet voice.

"When did you see Rumbold?"

"To-day, when I left Grinley Heath."

"Where? Not at his home?"

"No, certainly not. At his office. He was quite prepared for my visit. We went out to lunch together, and over lunch he told me what I have told you, and I described to him my part in the affair, and gave him my word that I would do what lay in my power to keep the truth from Mrs. Rumbold."

There was not a trace of expression in Randall's voice, but Hannasyde cast one shrewd glance at him and said in a softer tone: "Not—a very pleasant lunch, Mr. Matthews."

Randall said dryly: "That, Superintendent, is putting it mildly."

Hannasyde nodded. "I can guess how you must feel about it."

"Let's leave it at that, shall we?"

suggested Randall, with an edge to his voice.

Hannasyde sipped his drink for a while in silence. Presently he said: "And that's why you so carefully stayed away from here all day? To give Rumbold time to do away with himself?"

"You will have a great deal of difficulty in proving that, my dear Superintendent."

Hannasyde smiled somewhat wryly, but all he said was: "Did you expect to find some of the Hyde papers in your uncle's desk that day you went down to the Poplars with Mr. Carrington and me?"

"No, it hadn't dawned on me then. I expected to find what we did find—letters relating to my Uncle Henry's affair. Luckily, not as bad as they might have been."

Hannasyde could not forbear a grin. "You behaved atrociously over that, Mr. Matthews."

"At least I not only got rid of my dear Aunt Gertrude for you, but quite effectually stopped her smelling any rat."

"WELL, yes," admitted Hannasyde. "Still—I was it the sun-glasses that gave it to you?"

"Not immediately. I don't think I can tell you when I first began to suspect. It was the quite freely-expressed opinion of my late father that my uncle was a bad hat, so that I started with an advantage over you in that I was prejudiced against him. Then, too, I had been privileged to observe his handling of my Uncle Henry, and of Dr. Fielding. Probably that modified form of blackmail may have put the idea into my head."

"It—ah, burst into flower when you came to see me one day, and asked me what the name of Hyde conveyed to me. I rather think that I may have been a trifle flippant with you, Superintendent."

"Very," said Hannasyde emphatically. "You suggested first Parks, and then Stevenson."

"And no sooner was the word out of my mouth," said Randall, "than the idea of a dual personality flashed into my head. Not altogether unnaturally. You told me where Hyde lived, and I paid a call on his friend Brown, which I told you all about."

The answer is—

1. Delano.
2. Apples.
3. During the siege of Mafeking.
4. In all of them.
5. Violoncello.
6. Sky-blue and white.
7. "Man never is, but always to be blest."
8. Suez, Kiel, Panama.
9. Vice-Admiral.
10. Litre.

Questions on page 28.

"Oh, not quite all, Mr. Matthews!"

Randall smiled. "Well, let us say all that it was desirable you should know. When he was induced to divulge where Hyde had kept the key of his safe, I had no doubt that Hyde was none other than my uncle. A pleasing discovery. I can assure you."

"That was why you looked as though you were ripe for murder when I suggested there had been a bond of sympathy between you?" said Hannasyde.

"Did I? I was certainly not flattered."

"When did you get the key of that safe?"

"On the day of my uncle's funeral. His watch-chain, with the trinkets that hung on it, were in the drawer of his dressing-table."

"After which," said Hannasyde heavily, "you got me to remove the detective who was watching you so that you could visit that safe deposit."

Randall's eyes gleamed. "My dear Superintendent, how can you say so? All I did was to complain of his boots."

"Well, let that go," said Hannasyde. "You put that notice in the paper so that you could get at Hyde's papers."

"And I have wanted so much to ask you how you got on with the General," murmured Randall.

"Never mind that now. You took everything out of the safe and burned it?"

"Everything except the papers relating to Rumbold. Those I kept in case of accidents."

"And you were going to hush the whole thing up? Let Rumbold get away with it?"

"You must remember that I am not a policeman, Superintendent. I am merely concerned with my family's good name."

"However much I personally may sympathise with that point of view, it was wrong, Mr. Matthews!"

"Well, that isn't going to worry me," said Randall tranquilly.

"Where is that statement you said you had for me?" asked Hannasyde. Randall looked at him with amused comprehension. "My dear Superintendent! Oh, but this isn't worthy of you! Did you really think I was going to hand it to you, all guileless and trusting?"

"Where is it?" repeated Hannasyde.

Randall finished what was left of his drink. "It's in the post, of course, and will reach you at Scotland Yard to-morrow morning."

Hannasyde smiled reluctantly. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"Well, not quite," said Randall modestly.

Hannasyde set down his glass and rose. "I think I'll go and sleep on it," he said. "You don't seem to have left me much else to do—except clear up the mess."

"You wrong me, Superintendent: there's very little mess. Much less than you would have made."

"Yes," admitted Hannasyde. "From your point of view that's true enough. I take it your name doesn't figure in Rumbold's statement?"

"Oh no!" said Randall with a sleepy smile. "I don't come into the case at all, my dear Superintendent."

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Just think what this offer means! All the bath towels you need, FREE—simply by saving wrapper-tops from Sunlight Soap! They're superb quality, thick, soft, very absorbent. Ideal for the beach as well as bathroom. With prices rising, you'll want all you can get, so start saving now.

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MURINE
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Must child know about parents' absence?

CHILDREN should certainly be told when their parents are going out and leaving them, Mrs. Bradford (11/1/41).

To deceive them means that they will cease to trust their parents.

I proved that it was necessary to start telling my children when they were quite young that I was going out.

They trusted me to return, and so have never minded being left.

Mrs. E. Shaw, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Will only sulks

PERHAPS Mrs. Bradford has not had to mind spoiled children who have cried and sulked for hours while their mother was out visiting.

Whether a paid or voluntary nurse, the person left in charge of such children has a miserable time.

With this type of child it is as well for the mother to "sneak" away.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 2 Acacia St., Ripponlea S4, Vic.



Hates to be left behind.

Easily scared

I HAVE had to care for a child whose parent or parents have said a "cheery good-bye."

Yells of "Mummy" have soon brought back the parent, who has later sneaked away.

It was then a comparatively easy task to care for the child by answering its call for "Mummy" by a little white lie such as, "She's downstairs, dear, and will be up in a minute."

Somehow small children realise their helplessness and dependence, and it frightens them to think that a parent may desert them even for a few hours.

Miss Margaret Wardle, 8 Collaroy Rd., New Lambton, N.S.W.

Can be selfish

CHILDREN should be made to realise from their infancy that their parents do not live for them alone, but have a separate place in life.

No one likes spoiled, selfish children, and by treating them as if they rule the home you ruin all happiness likely to be derived from a family.

Do not hide the fact from them that you go out, either on business or pleasure, and they will come to take it as a matter of course.

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley NW3, Brisbane.

Would rather know

IT is much kinder to tell children when their parents are going out.

I have found with my youngest, now aged three, that if I tell her I am going out for the day she is quite happy to be left at home.

On the one or two occasions when I did "sneak" away I found on my return that she had been very miserable and unhappy all the time.

Mrs. O. Furniss, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

Spoilt darling

A CHILD that screams if its mother leaves it for a while is not going to be a very happy adult later on.

The reason is that it has been thoroughly spoiled from the time it was a baby, and once having found that screaming kept its mother by its side, the child continues life on those lines . . . by vociferously demanding what it wants.

Mothers should train their children from babyhood to be individuals, not pampered little nuisances.

Mr. Harry Young, P.O., Kyneton, Vic.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Nucleo stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

PLEASURE, NOT DUTY

RECENTLY my attention was drawn to the fact that many married men when refusing another man's invitation say, "Sorry, but I've got to take the wife out."

Wouldn't it be more gallant if they were to say, "I intend taking my wife out," or, "On Sundays I always take the wife and kiddies out?"

Very probably men are not conscious that they are using words that make the outing seem a duty instead of a pleasure. But here's hoping!

Mrs. J. Wilson, 367 Angus St., Adelaide.

KNITTING EXCUSE

WE hear so much of our war effort, and rightly so, as thousands of articles are made each week for our boys overseas, but one is amazed to hear there is a falling-off of knitted goods arriving at the depots.

The excuse is that it is "too hot" to knit.

If this is so, surely it is a tragic state of affairs, and is unworthy of Australian women.

Where would we be to-day if our fighting forces decided it was too hot, or too cold, to defend our Empire?

Mrs. A. J. Soutter, 28 Musgrave St., Mosman, N.S.W.

POSSESSIVE PRIDE

BOYS, while at home, will often do nothing in the garden or house because they say: "It doesn't belong to me."

Then when they marry they become amazing models of domesticity and consideration, taking an almost fanatical pride in their home . . . because, they say, "This is all mine."

Why are men so very possessive? What would happen if girls took that attitude in their homes before they married? Mothers would have a very unhappy time, and sons would be the first to grumble about "selfish sisters."

Constance Child, Ludoma, Surfers Paradise, Qld.

GIFT FOR HOSTESS

AMONG some friends recently a controversy occurred as to whether a guest invited to dinner should or should not bring the hostess a small gift.

One person argued that she would be very hurt and embarrassed if her guests brought gifts, while another confessed that though she never expected her guests to bring anything, she could not suppress a thrill of delight when some flowers or sweets were unexpectedly produced.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, 81 Glebe St., Glebe, N.S.W.

STILL FRIVOLOUS

IT is a shock to realise that, although most Australian women are working hard for the war effort, there are still some who play their bridge so many days a week, and not in the cause of some war charity. While these "bridge fiends" are wasting valuable time and energy playing a card game, others are knitting for soldiers, helping in canteens, or making clothes for civilian refugees.

Apparently there are still a few who do not realise that only by working hard and making sacrifices will we pay for this war and victory.

Miss E. Jose, 138 Rose Tce., Wayville West, S.A.

NOT EXACTLY FREE

IN different instances I have noticed that most city people visiting their country relatives think it costs practically nothing to live on a farm.

They don't consider that even the milk and cream used for the table would bring in more money, or that the vegetables are grown from seeds that cost money to purchase.

Nearly everything used about a farm costs money to get in the first place, and takes plenty of hard work to maintain.

Mrs. M. L. Sutton, Bohneck, Manning River, N.S.W.

Silent heroism of soldiers' wives

THERE are many lonely wives of soldiers who find it difficult to adjust themselves to manless homes, and whose time hangs heavily for want of sufficient occupation.

These women do not ask for pity, and show such a cheerful front in public that it is easy to forget about them on the assumption that they are "getting along all right."

They are the unknown heroines of war, whose role is not spectacular, whose job is to keep cheerful in suspense and carry on with courage till the dark clouds lift.

If we can make life brighter for any one of these "war wives," should we not give a little of our time and thought to those who give so much?

El for this letter to Miss M. Ingleby, P.O., Lower Mitcham, S.A.

CAN BRING SMILES

AT last I am told someone has found an excuse for the crazy little hats we are all wearing.

He says they make passers-by smile, and that anything that raises a twinkle in the eye—especially in these troublous times—deserves encouragement.

Refreshing to know that when we perch an adorable little bit of nonsense on our curls we are contributing to the world's gaiety.

Miss E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

ADVANCE NEEDED

WHY do some women cling to house-keeping methods that were in use when they were children? I saw a woman scrubbing clothes on a washing board, as she did for her young brothers in her girlhood.

Now her family consists of three girls, and their dainty things get the same treatment.

Surely it is a matter of common sense as well as economy to take advantage of labor-saving devices.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

NATURAL BEAUTY

WHY do we acknowledge a love of natural beauty by going where it is to be found, and then ruin it with our presence?

A good resolution would be to eliminate all unsightly shacks and humpies from our pleasure resorts. If necessary, let them be nicely painted and of pleasing structure.

Mrs. O. J. Tajthy, 40 Russell St., Yatala, S.A.

RETIHING AGE

WE often hear men say, "I am retiring from work when I am sixty," but we seldom hear a woman say the same.

Are women stronger than men? After all, women work longer hours in rearing children, doing housework, and so on.

Are they not entitled to a good rest, too?

Mrs. B. M. Wright, 192 Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Do we benefit from sleeping out?

IT depends a good deal on early training, Mrs. Combs (11/1/41), whether people are fond of sleeping out or not. Those who come from colder climates do not take to it so readily.

I always feel much better for sleeping out in warm weather; but where I live the street lights shine straight on to the porch, and the benefit of fresh air is more than offset by sleepless hours caused by the glare. A not-so-refreshing sleep is better than sleeplessness.

Miss P. Snodgrass, c/o Miss Coleman, 15 Hampden Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Too disturbed

I DO not object to people sleeping out if they can. I couldn't—the dogs and cats would not let me.

I tried it one night. Midnight brought the cat's calls, a little later a dog barked. Then a rooster thought it was his turn—so did many other roosters.

Then a short silence broken by the noisy clatter of the milkman's



Plenty of fresh air, but too noisy.

pony's shoes on the hard road.

I gave it up and came inside, concluding that a little sleep would be better than a lot of funny noises.

F. McCabe, 20 Louisa St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

Believe dangerous

THE old idea that night air is dangerous is still very prevalent.

I know plenty of young mothers who will not allow their children to sleep out, and who close windows almost completely, on the ground that the cold night air may give the children a chill.

The general stuffiness of many homes is responsible for more illnesses than the fresh air of a balcony sleep-out.

Mrs. G. S. Palmer, High St., East Kew, Vic.

Are girls foolish to sue for breach of promise?

IT does seem a pity, Mrs. Spraxton (11/1/41), that so many romances are ended by one of the parties suing for breach of promise.

If such action is brought against a man he will then think it was very fortunate he did not marry the girl who sought revenge in such an ungracious way.

Miss F. Schneider, 52 Cintra Rd., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Can compensate

A GIRL has every right to demand compensation for what she may have lost in expenses incurred during her romance.

If breach of promise actions were always brought to Court there would be fewer broken romances.

Mrs. B. M. Wright, 192 Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Thrilling New-type Shampoo Gives Glamorous Hair Beauty!



INCORRECT WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film.



CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft,
shining like silk.

Totally Different from all other Shampoos
Produces beautifying results never before known
New Softness . . . New Lustre . . . New Allure

★ It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men can't resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What?" you say, "No second rinse! No vinegar or special after-rinse!"

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that grumpy, unrisable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used, too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.

Goodbye to GREYNESS

Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with INECTO. Eighteen shades to match nature's own colours, from deep black to light blonde. Cannot be detected. Will not fade, wash or brush off, soil hats or bed linen. Colours in nature's way, from inside the hair. Consult your hairdresser, or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each bottle. Buy back ten years of your life with

INECTO
HAIR COLOURING

IN MIDDLE-AGE—KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if passages are frequent and scanty, accompanied by burning and smarting, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, sitting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today. They are a special remedy for the kidneys and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.



POLISH PEASANTS with all their possessions in their farm cart. In a cart like this the author of "My Name is Million" was travelling when she received five shrapnel wounds in her head.

Sufferings of Poland's heroic peoples

Englishwoman's vivid account of total war

The journey from Warsaw, the capital of Poland, to Kovno, the capital of Lithuania, is, in normal times, a pleasant train trip of 19 hours.

If you wanted to see more of the country you could travel via Lublin, Lwow, and Wilno—a journey of 43 hours.

BUT in September, 1939, an Englishwoman and her Polish husband, two of countless refugees, spent 99 days of

horror on the machine-gunned, bloodstained roads along this same route.

From Kovno they eventually reached Sweden and boarded a neutral ship for England. A quarter of an hour after leaving Swedish territorial waters they were captured by a German cruiser.

The Englishwoman saw her husband for the last time just before he was taken to a concentration camp.

Her last promise was to write a book on the sufferings of the Polish people.

When she reached the comparative safety of England she fulfilled the promise with "My Name is Million."

She has written an extravaganza of human suffering.

These extracts from the book give some idea of the misery she and millions of others lived or died in when first Germany, then Russia and Lithuania, invaded the heroic little country of her adoption.

"A whole nation was homeless... There cannot be a roadside in Poland where the starved and frozen bodies of these people do not lie.

"Let them walk to Warsaw," said the Germans when they drove every Polish man, woman and child out of Gdynia, in the coldest winter Europe is able to remember.

"And set out to walk they did. At every few yards somebody, many even, must have fallen out."

"The route from Gdynia to Warsaw runs through any room in which a Pole sits alone."

"I was to find out that the worst part of war is the endless waiting for something; the dirt, the lack of any kind of coherence, the feeling that there is no reason why this should ever have begun and no reason why it should ever stop."

"... Your mind, unable any longer to feel pity, terror, grief, or any other sharp emotion, attaches itself to what is nearest and least tremendous."

"... After I had lost everything, when not a stone, not a piece of paper, not a stitch of clothing remained of what a few weeks before had been our home and the accumulation of two people's whole lives; when I never knew whether I should eat again, sleep or work, live or die, from one second to another; when I had seen everything I had cared for collapse like a house of cards, a nation stretched on the cross, a fair country burning behind me like a box of matches and hell itself opening in front of me, there were whole days when I never suffered anything."

"All that was left was the human instinct for some roof of my own, some place to crawl into."

"I had none, so I made my roof. I am conscious of it now, out of a big leather handbag I carried."

"Everything necessary to my appalling existence came within that



A POLISH FAMILY "keeping house" in the ruins of their home. Millions of families lost their homes during the Nazi blitzkrieg.

handbag. I slept, when there was sleep, with it tied to my arm. I never forgot it, never laid it down; saved it once from a heap of wreckage from among the plunging boots of a dying horse; when my eyes were too full of blood to find it by sight I found it by instinct.

"Even now, in London, I cannot give it up. I sleep with it within reach of my hand."

"The war taught me a good many things. One of them is that the human animal is not, as a matter of fact, either sensitive or vulnerable. On the contrary, the creature has been given the most horrible powers of endurance. Almost nothing will finish it off. Shock after shock simply produce some further form of adaptation."

"Even starvation, provided it does get something about every sixteenth day or so, is not fatal to it."

"Bombed and shelled out of its home, it simply transfers its instinct for shelter to the four walls of a filthy railway truck, where the sun and the Heinkels find it out."

"Bombed and machine-gunned out of the truck, it lies on its face on the ground, and after an hour or two transfers its instincts to the hole it has clawed or to a doorway or a couple of planks."

"Even in the obscene promiscuity ordained for it by the agents of Gestapo and OGPU, in a twenty-by-twelve foot cellar in which a hundred of the creatures have been living together for three days, the

instinct finds something to cling to; something out of which it can make its own personal shelter."

"The railway waiting-rooms were the worst; packed until you wondered why the walls did not push out."

"Nevertheless hundreds and hundreds of human beings slept, and the strange peace of sleep relaxed their ghastly faces almost as though they had been in their beds."

"I lay down again. This time my neighbor did not warm me. Queerer still, I found I was not warming him. The closer the other sleepers pushed us together, the colder he grew."

"Then I understood. He was dead. Disgusted, I pushed him off. It seemed just bad luck that I should have drawn such a good-for-nothing bedfellow."

"If any woman tells me she would have thought of his probable wife and children, or wondered if he had suffered much before he died, she is a liar."

"What we suffered, millions suffered and are still suffering. The frightful bereavements of the war are nothing beside the bereavements of the Occupations."

"I suppose there is not a family left in Poland whose surviving members are together; the few who are must fear every instant, as my husband and I did, even to look into each other's faces, in anticipation of what else is to come."

"What is to be the sum of the suffering of millions, in whose name I have, most humbly, written down everything that is here?"

"My Name is Million—The Experiences of an Englishwoman in Poland." (Faber and Faber.) Our copy from the Bookstall Library.



to a doorway or a couple of planks."

"Even in the obscene promiscuity ordained for it by the agents of Gestapo and OGPU, in a twenty-by-twelve foot cellar in which a hundred of the creatures have been living together for three days, the

Nervous tension

brings on

INDIGESTION

Because the digestive organs re-act at once to nervous upsets, digestion soon breaks down under prolonged nervous tension. Then, after every meal, you get flatulence, heartburn, nervous dyspepsia and all the distressing symptoms of indigestion. In other words—a painful condition arises which can easily develop into serious stomach trouble.

So, if present-day worries have upset your stomach, turn

to De Witt's Antacid Powder for help. You'll get relief at once. De Witt's Antacid Powder acts so quickly and surely because it tackles your stomach trouble in three ways. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually helps to digest your food, and so relieves the weakened stomach.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder now and you'll soon be eating what you like and enjoying every meal.

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End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters.



A MOTHER CRAFT SESSION ON 2GB

Mothercraft in its widest sense. Problems of health, cooking, proper diet and nutrition, child understanding; all the business of running a home, feeding a family and helping in maintaining health and happiness will be covered by Mothercraft in happy conversational style with the music you love to hear. Mothercraft is a new personality on the air. Her gospel deals with all the health foods, particularly milk.

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VIVID DRAMA and

Powerful Human Interest!

"Tales from the Fur Trails"

An entirely new series of thrill-packed narratives, with dramatic interludes by the Prince of Storytellers...

ELLIS PRICE

Sundays **2GB** 3.30 p.m.

The Homemaker

February 1, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

35

ELEGANCE

... made easy

● Elegance is a "must" if you want to earn a reputation for good dressing and good looks. And as there can be no elegance without well-groomed hair, learn to do your hair in a smart, attractive style to suit your face and your clothes.

By JANETTE



LEFT: The hair is parted in the centre and the top and side pieces curled up into rolls on either side. When setting the hair these pieces are divided into four and the ends curled.



THIS PICTURE shows how to divide the front hair into four pieces before setting. The top pieces are then wound into flat disc curls and the ends of the side pieces are put into curlers.



SHOWING THE SIDE AND BACK of the coiffure. The hair at the back is set and arranged in small rolls or curls, under or up, just as you wish, as long as the finished effect is neat looking.

THE smartest hair styles to-day are the simplest, so that the achieving of elegance is not a difficult matter at all.

Elegance goes hand-in-glove with loveliness of face and hair, and with chic in dressing.

And as hair is such an important part of elegance—for carelessly arranged hair with scraggy ends will detract from the most perfect frock and the most beautiful face—your head must have that well-groomed look that comes from shampooing, brushing, and a smart, flattering hair-do.

Just to show you that it is easy to look elegant, I am giving you to-day instructions for doing your hair in a smart new style.

You may find it a little difficult at first, of course. In any case it is always advisable to get your hair-dresser to "coiff" a new style for you. If you watch where he puts the curls you can keep your hair in the same style between shampoos.

This charming hair style has the air of an old Victorian picture in its smooth sweep over the ears and the way the hair falls softly at the back.

It's easy to set, easy to keep neat, and takes about one minute to dress in the morning. And now that everybody is tired of a lot of little curls on top, these new, flat, sleek styles have become the smartest and the most up to date.

This particular style, which has been designed for you by a well-known hairdresser, can be adapted to suit each individual face.

If your forehead is wide, take the hair back very sleekly at the sides and keep the forehead curls near the top; if your forehead is narrow, press in a wide wave at either side and arrange the top curls towards the temples.

To make a success of this lovely style you should first have a good permanent wave—the very best you can afford. It's an economy in the end because a good "perm" lasts so much longer, and looks soft and silky from the very first day, instead of frizzing madly round your head.

Good shampoos

SECONDLY, you must treat your hair to good shampoos.

There are many excellent types available. It is for you to experiment and find the type that suits your hair best. Remember a shampoo which may suit a girl with very oily hair may be too drying for you. If you have a very dry scalp, massage with warm olive oil before shampooing is, of course, most advisable.

To coax every glint of beauty into your hair use either a shampoo that combines brightening with cleansing qualities or a separate rinse or brightening wash.

Now having had your "perm," get

your hairdresser to arrange your hair for you in the new style—unless, of course, you'd like to practise on it at home yourself.

In the latter case, dampen your hair with setting lotion and make a centre parting, then another parting towards the temples. This divides off two locks on the top of your head. Wind these into disc curls and pin to top of head. The crown is kept smooth.

Now take the side pieces, comb up and wind the ends in curlers and pin in position. Now you should have four front pieces "set."

Comb out the back and starting behind the ears take pieces of hair and wind the ends into curlers either under or up, or vertically, if you wish.

Allow your hair to dry, in the sun if possible, and then comb out. Rearrange the curls with an end-curling comb as shown in the pictures and pin into position.

The two curls on either side of the centre part should be arranged in one roll on each side of the face. The back may be arranged in a cluster of curls or in a neat roll, just as you wish.

Incidentally, for this particular hair style your hair should be cut to the right length, which is shorter than a shoulder-length bob and longer than an ordinary bob. Here your hairdresser can advise you and cut your hair to the length that will make it easiest to manage for this coiffure.



THIS SMART young lovely, Patricia Morison, Paramount player, looks elegant because, in addition to wearing attractive clothes and the right make-up, her hair is suitably arranged and well groomed.

KAYSER'S Call to the Colours



'LOYALTY' is a sun-shot sand—triumphant with sports clothes.

'BANNER,' a subtle, blush-warm beige accompanies filmy afternoon and evening frocks.

'EMBLEM,' a distinguished dusty beige, is correct for town wear—a standby for the older woman.

3

NEW EXCLUSIVE

Patriotones

in KAYSER HOSIERY

MIR-O-KLEER and TWYN-SYLKS 4/6 to 9/6

Be victorious from dawn till midnight—enlist three gallant allies in aid of your colour harmonies—Kayser's "Loyalty," "Emblem," and "Banner" are "on parade" for you, morning, noon and night.

KH 641-1

Anita
Louise

SMOOTH, FRAGRANT SKIN WINS
HEARTS! THE BEST AND EASIEST
WAY I KNOW TO PROTECT THIS
CHARM IS WITH A DAILY
LUX TOILET SOAP
BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT
YOU'LL LOVE IT!

Actual Statement by
ANITA LOUISE

I USED TO ENVY ANITA LOUISE
HER BEAUTIFUL SKIN.
NOW I USE THE SAME DAILY
BEAUTY CARE AS SHE DOES,
AND I'VE FOUND SHE'S QUITE
RIGHT ABOUT WHAT **LUX**
TOILET SOAP WILL DO
FOR MY SKIN.



LUX TOILET SOAP
the luxury soap that lasts

Think of Hollywood, think of beauty! The stars' most famous beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—is within your reach for everyday use. The creamy lather of super-creamed Lux Toilet Soap protects the vital natural oils of your skin. An economical, lasting tablet.

A LEVER PRODUCT

6.371.1 WW

It's all plain sailing —

**KEEPING COLOURS
FRESH AND GAY
WITH PERSIL**

Slack Suit:

Golf cloth in superbly tailored slack suit. Sparkling white and crisp, in easy-to-laundry linen. Trim but tony march down the jacket.

Sun Suit:

Sun-loving lass in briefest of sun suits. Very youthful with its sprightly colours. Very, very feminine with its sweet ballroom skirt.

Trust the new season's colours to turn every eye—and trust Persil to keep them clear and definite! For Persil has the most loving way with all precious things. Its gentle oxygen-charged suds bubble through the clothes and coax out every speck of dirt—far more easily and thoroughly than any rubbing could—in water that's barely warm! And when it comes to whites, of course you know that Persil whiteness puts all other washing in the shade!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.37.1WW



SEASON for ... SALADS

● Count your salad ideas. How many? Five, ten . . . ? That's not so good. There's one for every day of summer and of winter too. Salad-making gives a creative fillip to menu-planning that peps up the daily round and appetites as well.

FOR a successful salad the vegetables should be fresh, crisp, and cold. Always shake in a towel before arranging. Water in a salad dish is a culinary crime.

Taste a flavor carefully. A tasteless salad is another crime. Make the whole effect appetising and colorful.

MOULDED MOCK CHICKEN SALAD

Two cups finely minced cooked veal or rabbit, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, lettuce, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, 1 teaspoon salt, cayenne, nutmeg, radish roses.

Heat milk and pour over crumbs and stand 1 hour. Beat eggs and add. Add other ingredients and season to taste. Place in well-greased mould and steam gently 1½ hours. Chill and serve with crisp lettuce leaves and radish roses.

CUCUMBER BASKET SALAD

Six cucumbers, 1 bunch asparagus, 1 cup mayonnaise, lemon juice, pepper and salt, chilli strips.

Peel cucumbers and serrate with a fork. Cut down middle in 1-inch strip to centre of cucumber. Split down centre from each end to this

centre cut, thus forming a handle. Scoop pulp from centre of cucumber. This pulp and cut pieces can be chopped and form part of tomorrow's moulded salad. Season inside of cucumber with pepper and salt and squeeze of lemon. Cook and chill asparagus and arrange in baskets each side of handle; pour a spoonful of mayonnaise over stems and garnish with chilli strips. Serve icy cold with water-thin brown bread and butter.

FRUIT SHERBET

One orange, 1 banana, 1½ lemons, 2 eggs, mint sprigs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 10 cherries, green or red coloring, tiny lettuce leaves.

Crush banana, add fruit juices, cut cherries and add a little coloring. Then add all except 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat egg-yolks and add to fruit mixture. Place in refrigerator ice trays, and freeze to mush. Remove and beat; add egg-whites whipped stiffly with 1 tablespoon sugar. Color delicately. Freeze until set and serve in squares, garnished with frosted mint sprigs and tiny lettuce leaves. This is an excellent "in-between" salad for a formal dinner or for a luncheon on a hot summer day.

Continued on page 39

By
Mary Forbes

Cookery Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly.

THE ATTRACTIVE-LOOKING DISH in the foreground is a savory rainbow salad made with vegetables, salmon, gelatine, and salad greens. The cucumber basket salad above is made with cucumbers and asparagus, and garnished with chilli strips.

SAVORY RAINBOW SALAD

Green Vegetable Ring: 1½ cups clear stock, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups shredded lettuce, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped cucumber, 1 teaspoon chopped onion.

Salmon Ring: 1 tin salmon (1lb.), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup grated radish, 1½ cups fish stock, pepper and salt.

The stock for vegetable ring may be made from meat extract and water, or vegetable stock, well seasoned and flavored. Dissolve gelatine in stock and add vinegar, lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Add prepared vegetables and set in a wetted ring mould.

Dissolve gelatine for salmon ring in stock, which may be salmon juice to which water has been added to make required quantity. Combine all remaining ingredients and set in a wetted ring mould.

Unmould two salads, cut and place in alternate wedges in a ring on salad dish. Serve mayonnaise in centre and garnish with serrated cucumber slices and rosettes of cress.

POTATO AND BACON SALAD

Four cups diced, cooked potatoes, 8 slices crisply cooked bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalots, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Mix ingredients and chill. Serve with lettuce and cress, and sprinkle top with chopped parsley or paprika.

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL SALAD

One cup prawns, 1 dozen oysters, 2 tablespoons white fish (lobster or whiting), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons whipped cream, salt and paprika, lettuce cups, lemon wedges.

Beard oysters and shell prawns. Mix with mayonnaise, lemon juice, and whipped cream and parsley. Season to taste. Arrange in crisp lettuce cups, dusted with paprika, and garnished with a tiny lemon wedge.

THE FAVOURITE ROSELLA TOMATO SAUCE



Australia's choice with every meat course. Is a dash of Rosella Tomato Sauce.

The sauce with the true tomato flavor. You'll also enjoy Rosella Relish, Fruit Chutney, French Mustard Sauce, Spiced Sauce.

also **Rosella** WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Three delicious new dishes

— QUICKLY MADE WITH

Imperial HAMPE

Hampé — Imperial's delectable new combination of mild, cured ham and prime veal — is equally popular served hot or cold. Try it these three ways. You'll appreciate its flavour — as well as the money and time it saves.

Hampé is perfect for picnics, for meals-in-a-burry — and the unexpected guest. In 8-oz. and 12-oz. cans at all grocers.

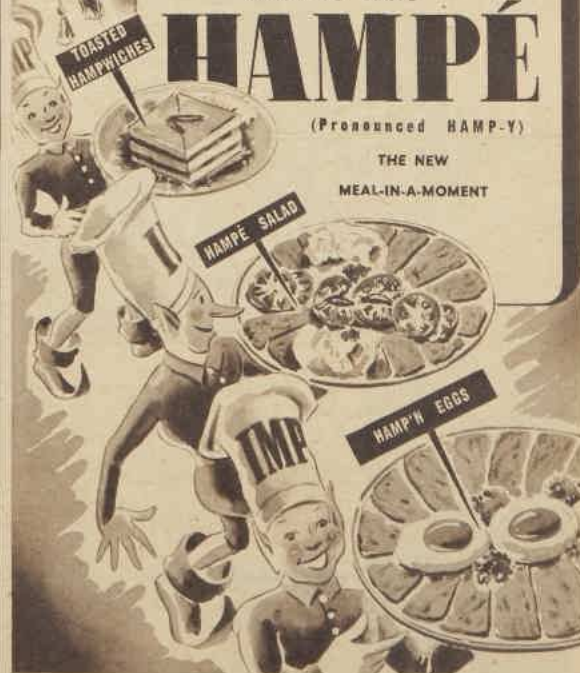
Better than ham — and costs less!

READY-TO-SERVE

HAMPÉ

(Pronounced HAMP-Y)

THE NEW
MEAL-IN-A-MOMENT



PRIMROSES & PRIMULAS

THIS month brings a very busy time for the gardener—that of sowing seeds of such plants as primulas, polyanthus and primroses.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

IN recent years the beautiful Japanese and Chinese primulas, known to botanists as *primula sieboldi*, and *primulas sinensis* and *obconica*, respectively, have been left almost exclusively to florists or nurserymen.

Yet these beautiful members of the *primula* family should be grown in every part of Australia except the tropical belts, which are a trifle too warm for them.

Siebold's or the Japanese primrose or *primula* produces trusses of large flowers of varied form and color. The leaves are also very attractive and in harmony with the shape and shade of color of the blooms.

Some flowers are circular and smooth-edged; others are beautifully notched, and still others are formed like the bloom of a clarkin. Colors range from pure white to deep crimson, but there are also mauve, lilac, and purple tints.

Plants can be raised either from seed or division of old plants.

Seed should be fresh when sown, as it rapidly loses its viability. Light but rich and moist soil is required for all the primulas, which do best if set out in semi-shade under an evergreen tree or palm.

Primula sinensis is also obtainable in a great range of colors, and, like the Japanese variety, bears large flowers in bold, compact trusses.

Originally this flower was of a starry shape and bore only a few flowers in loose trusses. Cross-breeding with other varieties and strains has brought about immense improvement, and the original shape has entirely changed.

It is only with the larger variety, *primula*

sinensis stellata, that the starry shape is found, but the lovely blooms of this variety are much bigger than the originals, and the colors, too, have greatly improved.

Primula obconica is probably as well known to Australians as *primula malacoides*, the mauve to purple variety that flowers so profusely during our mild winters in most gardens, but *obconica* is not as easy to grow as its smaller and cheaper cousin.

It has an advantage over all the other varieties, however, in that it is remarkably free-flowering, and when grown under glass or in a well-protected bush-house will bloom almost continuously.

The only drawback that *obconica* has is that the glandular hairs on the leaves sometimes set up an irritation of the skin of the hands. This is a form of dermatitis and very distressing.

Gardeners who are allergic to skin troubles, or those having very delicate skin, should, therefore, handle these plants with care.

To grow any of the varieties mentioned from seed, fill shallow boxes with a mixture of equal parts of fine loam and leaf-mould, and some clean sand. Make the soil level and firm well.

Then give a gentle watering by immersing the box in a bath or big tub of water, or by spraying with an atomiser. Sow the seeds thinly, pressing them in with a piece of clean flat board, and just cover by sprinkling with very finely-sieved soil.

Cover with a sheet of glass that has been whitewashed, and keep in a warm place. The boxes should be sprayed with an atomiser every day until germination takes place.

When the seedlings appear the box should be moved to a more shady position and the glass tilted over the box, eventually being dispensed with entirely as they grow taller.



PRIMULA OBCONICA, a dainty variety almost as well known as the popular *primula malacoides*. Although not as easy to grow as the latter, it is very free-flowering.

When the plants are big enough to handle, lift each one individually with a small trowel or piece of narrow, sharpened wood, in such a way as to avoid disturbing the soil around the roots too much.

Then set out in pans or boxes containing richer soil. When the plants are big enough to set out, cut the soil into squares with a knife and place them directly in the beds,

water well but carefully, shade until they become re-established.

The flower beds should be very rich and fertile for all these primulas, and must be protected from afternoon sun and all adverse winds. If such a position is unobtainable the plants should be potted and placed in the bush-house or glasshouse, where they receive only the morning sunshine.

LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL drives an Ambulance

Lady Tothill is the only sister of the fifth Earl of Bandon. She is slender, dark, with shining dark eyes, brown hair and a gloriously smooth skin. To-day she is doing war work, driving an Ambulance . . .



-but
through
day and
night shifts she keeps
her skin radiant with
Pond's two creams

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD It can bring YOU new loveliness

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use

Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/1 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved 'Glaze-Proof' Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
CRUINETTE ☐ LIGHT ☐
CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. (P.O. Box 1111), G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL:

Driving an Ambulance must be very hard on your complexion, Lady Tothill?

ANSWER:

It is. It's especially hard! I am out of doors in all weathers, and sometimes day and night, but I find Pond's creams are a splendid standby. They keep my skin in perfect condition, and have completely counteracted any tendency to develop lines and wrinkles as a result of eye strain.

QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL:

Of course you can afford the most elaborate beauty treatments. How is it you prefer Pond's Creams?

ANSWER:

I find Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition, with none of the trouble expensive beauty methods involve. Since I started using Pond's two creams, I have been frankly amazed at the improvement they have made to my complexion. My skin has become smoother, finer and healthier.

FIRST PRIZE for a Fruit Mince Pie

Selected by our cookery expert as the most interesting recipe for the week from the entries in our fascinating best recipe competition. Other recipes are awarded consolation prizes.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is open to all our readers, so you, too, can enter.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

LEMON MERINGUE MINCE PIE

Line a deep tart-plate or dish with good short-pastry and have ready 3 cups sweet mincemeat. Mix beaten yolks of 3 eggs with 1 cup sugar and 1-3rd cup lemon juice. Add to mince and stir all well together. Put in lined dish or plate. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Beat together 3 egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1-3rd teaspoon baking powder, 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind. Beat eggs very stiff before mixing in other ingredients. Cover cooked pie with meringue, place in slow oven until delicately browned.

To Make Sweet Mincemeat: Put through mixer 3 young carrots, 6 cooking apples, 1lb. each raisins, sultanas, figs, dates and candied peel. Mix all together, add cup sugar, 3 tablespoons brandy or rum, 1 teaspoon each of allspice, ginger, cinnamon. Store in bottles and use as required.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Beck, Broadmeadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

VEAL BIRDS.

Cut 1lb. fillet of veal into thin slices about four inches square.

Make some seasoning with bread-crumbs, finely chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and, if liked, a grating of nutmeg and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Bind together with the yolk of an egg.

Place some of this seasoning on each slice of veal, roll tightly and secure with pieces of string or skewers. Place in a saucepan with sufficient water to cover and simmer for one hour (do not boil hard). Put 2oz. butter in another saucepan. When melted stir in 2oz. plain flour, add sufficient milk to make a rich, creamy sauce, add pepper and salt to taste. Place meat rolls in this with a finely chopped gherkin or a few stoned chopped olives for piquant flavor. Serve hot with creamed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 92a Lower North Rd., Prospect, S.A.

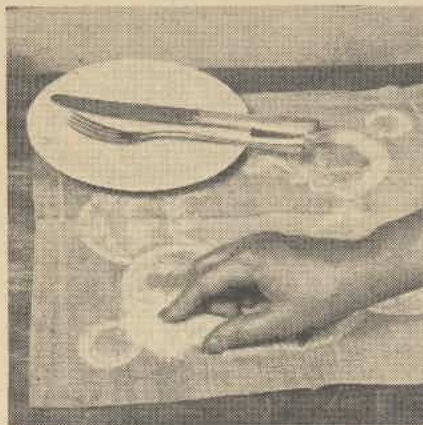
PINEAPPLE HONEY

Cover generously the skin and core of a pineapple with water and boil until tender.

Strain off liquid and add 2 cups of sugar to 1 cup of liquid. Simmer until liquid turns honey colored and thickens slightly. Test on saucer. Pour into jars and allow to cool before sealing.

The skin and core should make 5 jars of honey, the whole pineapple 12 jars of honey.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Page, 2 Little St., Mosman, N.S.W.



PRUNE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1lb. prunes, 2 heaped teaspoons cocoa, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, few nuts chopped, a little nutmeg.

Stew prunes in saucepan with a little water, a little sugar and a pinch of soda. Allow to cool.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs separately, beating well after each addition.

Add flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and cocoa sifted together.

Molten soda with a little prune syrup and add next to mixture.

Lastly fold in stoned prunes and chopped nuts.

Bake in 8in. cake tin in moderate oven about 1 hour.

Icing: 1 cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup minced mixed nuts.

Mix well and spread on cool cake. Sprinkle with browned coconut. If not moist enough add a few drops of brandy. It improves the flavor.

Now take the egg-white and beat into it 1 cup icing sugar. Spread over the nut icing when fairly dry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Hodgson, Box 3, Mt. Laramie, Qld.



ABOVE: Miss Precious Minutes says cigar ash is excellent for polishing glasses. Use the ash with warm water and rinse in clean water. Left: To remove stains which have just been made on a cloth, rub immediately with moistened chalk. Leave chalk on for a few hours and then brush off.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

TALCUM powder will remove any dingy look from playing cards. If they are very dirty clean them with hot bran. Stir the cards about in the bran to remove the grease.

To prevent patent shoes from cracking rub them all over with vaseline before they are worn. Leave for a few days, then wipe away the grease and polish with a soft shoe pad. This also makes the shoes waterproof.

WHEN an aluminium saucepan is badly burnt cover the bottom with olive oil, heat gently, and the burnt part will come away without difficulty.

WHEN pressing a man's trousers always iron down the back crease first, then across the turn-up, and finish by ironing up the front crease. This takes out all bagginess at the knees, and gives a finish equal to a tailor's pressing.

Mr. Inner Man

New Minister of
Inside Information

castigates

Lord Haw-Haw

—says "Indigestapo foiled again"



Lord Haw-Haw
"tells it to the
marines".

In a fighting speech to the Nation, Mr. Inner Man made it hot for Germany's arch-apologist. He said, "A daring attempt to sabotage the national digestion and good spirits has been thwarted by the vigilance of the officers of my department. It appears that crates of Keen's Mustard were assembled for delivery, when enemy spies made a determined effort to abscond with them. But we, too, really do possess inside information and although I am not able to tell you what steps we took I can assure you that Indigestapo has been foiled again. Lord Haw-Haw will undoubtedly claim that the effort succeeded, but he can tell that to the marines." (Loud applause.)

And there you have a straight tip from an eminent authority: take Mustard with your meals and you will be safeguarding your digestion and your health. Mustard brings out the hidden flavor of all meat, fish, and poultry dishes, but always use it freshly-mixed, and be sure it's

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

K241.

SEASON FOR SALADS

Continued from page 37

CUTLETS POMPADOUR

(With Rosette Salad)

Six lamb cutlets (cooked and trimmed), 1½ gills good white sauce, 1½ gills thick tomato puree, 1 cup aspic jelly, chilli strips, egg-white (cooked), cress or parsley, lettuce and celery curls.

Trim cutlets and place on a wire rack. Coat 3 cutlets with white sauce and 3 with tomato puree. Decorate first with chilli strips and second with fancy shapes of egg-white. Baste with liquid aspic and chill until firm. Garnish bones with cutlet trimmings. Arrange in large entree dish with rosettes of lettuce and cress, celery curls, and knots of chilli strips.

PINEAPPLE RELISH SALAD

One cup shredded pineapple, 2 cup juice, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, cold lamb, squeeze of lemon, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons chopped pickles, green salad.

Combine pineapple, juice, vinegar and lemon and bring slowly to boil. Add gelatine which has been softened in 1 tablespoon water and dissolved over boiling water. Add chopped pickles and set mixture in a cold flat dish. When firm cut in small squares and serve in lettuce cups with cold lamb and salad.

MELON MINT JELLY

One cup water, 1 cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup chopped mint, 1 cup hot water, 2 cups ginger ale, green coloring, melon balls or cubes (watermelon, rockmelon, and cantaloupe).

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes. Pour over chopped mint, cover and leave until cold. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to syrup and combine with ginger ale. Color a delicate green, and pour into a wetted ring mould. When jelly commences to thicken, arrange melon balls in position and allow to become firm. Unmould and serve garnished with melon balls and sprigs of fresh mint.

MICKEY MOUSE
and
DONALD DUCK

NOW ON
KRAFT
RE-USABLE
Swanky-Swig
GLASSES

ALSO

Yes! Kraft Swanky-Swig re-usable glasses are now decorated with four of Walt Disney's famous Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck designs... Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and The Three Nephews. Get all four of these popular designs. First you serve delicious Kraft Spreads

from these gay glasses... Kraft Mayonnaise, Kraft Spread Cheese, Kraft Sandwich Relish, Kraft Savoury Relish. And when the glasses are empty, you can use them over and over again for dozens of things. Start on your collection right away!

Ask for **KRAFT SPREADS** in the
NEW SWANKY-SWIG
re-usable glasses

SOLD AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

"How," asked Jimmy slowly, "can you tell all that?"

"By his face, of course! That nice round moon with the ridiculous tuft on top. He's not a bit like you, is he?"

Jimmy's hands dropped. The mask was still in place. He would never have imagined that the sudden appearance of his manager, during his first tête-à-tête with Miss Drew, could be a welcome sight; but so it was. When Cartwright, at that instant, walked into the dressing-room, Jimmy felt nothing but relief.

Cartwright, on the other hand, was extremely annoyed. He took one look at Caroline, and without the least ceremony announced that he wished to speak to Mr. Brock on a matter of business.

Caroline rose. She had no alternative, for Jimmy, in reply to her pleading glance, simply stood up also. The interview was over before it had begun.

"I'll leave my card," she said miserably; and laid it on the table. "If ever you can manage a few minutes again—"

"I'll let you know," muttered Jimmy. He opened the door for her, and watched her go down the passage, and then turned back to face the inevitable question.

"Who was that?"

"Just a friend . . ."

"A friend be hanged!" exploded Cartwright. "You were going to give her an interview! The first ever, and to—she picked up the card and tossed it down again—to 'Home Gossip'! To a little dimwit with a pretty face! Haven't I told you I handle all publicity? Haven't I told you—"

Jimmy let the storm blow itself out. He didn't care. He promised never again to speak to a journalist unless Cartwright were present, never again to have anyone in his dressing-room unless Cartwright had first passed them. He promised anything that would make Cartwright go away.

The next day, after a troubled but

Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have discovered a sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; and its healing properties have given absolute satisfaction for over twenty years.

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Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

VIM
brings back
lustre to pots
& pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY

A LEVER PRODUCT

Face Value

Continued from page 5

not unprofitable night, Jimmy paid a call at Lerougetel's studio.

"I want you," said Jimmy, plunging straight into his subject, "to make me another mask."

Lerougetel put down his brushes. "Why?" he asked. "I thought it had been successful?"

"It has," said Jimmy. "It's grand. But I want to make a change. I want one more—more like my own face—only . . . good-looking. A bit romantic. If," he added humbly, "you can."

Lerougetel picked up a piece of charcoal and reached to his drawing-board.

"Look," he said, and drew a circle. "That is your face, see? That is the essential of it. And this—"he added a curling line on top—"is your hair. And these two little round holes are your eyes. Round face, round eyes, round mouth, round nose. All circles. The circle is comic. You ask me to make you romantic; I look at you, and I laugh."

"Listen," Jimmy pleaded. "I don't want much. When I said romantic I was going too far. I simply want a mask that looks enough like me to make it possible to take it off without giving her—without giving anyone—an absolute shock. You must realise that the one I have now is so impossibly attractive—"

"Pagliacci," said Lerougetel.

Jimmy gaped.

"What?"

"I said, Pagliacci. He was a clown, and in love, and the lady would only laugh at him. I am supposing you have the same trouble."

Jimmy nodded dumbly.

"And since love is a completely ridiculous and irrational state, I sympathise with your feelings. You wish to appear an Adonis, an Apollo. You wish to conquer by your personal charms. I am very sorry, because that is quite impossible."

"But what," cried Jimmy, "am I to do?"

"Find someone else," advised the artist calmly.

"You don't understand! This isn't just a flirtation. It's the first time I've ever wanted to get married—"

"What!" The artist stared. "You want to marry?"

"Of course!"

"But that is quite different. That is serious!"

"I know that," said Jimmy.

"But that is just what you do not know! You English—you Anglo-Saxons—you say, 'Oh, yes, marriage is serious, but it all depends on the arrangement of the features in the face!' You do not say, 'Is this girl intelligent, educated, of my own class, and so likely to make me a good wife?' You say, 'Is she pretty?' Just that! *Nom de Dieu!*"

"Wait," said Jimmy. "You don't know her. She's intelligent as well. She's earning her own living. She is of my class—she's my own sort exactly—and that's why I'm in love with her. She'll understand about my work, and how I've got to save, and look after myself. She's got a sister, like I have, she'll get on with my family—"

"If that is true,"

put in Lerougetel, "it seems she will make you an excellent wife, and you will make her an excellent husband. And yet you believe this sensible young woman will turn down this excellent husband because he has a plain face. It is absurd!"

Jimmy groaned.

"You don't understand," he repeated wearily. "She—I think she's almost in love with me already; but with the stage me, the one in the mask. She thinks I'm glamorous and wonderful. She'll have such a shock to get over when she sees my real face—"

"How do you know?"

"Because she has seen it. In a photograph. She thought it was a young brother, and she laughed."

"But she did not then know your serious and honorable intentions?"

"No, she didn't. But—Jimmy broke off hopelessly. "You haven't seen her . . ."

"There is no reason why I should not," pointed out Lerougetel. "Send her a seat for your revue, and send me the one next to it. I will then give you my expert and unbiased opinion."

Jimmy pondered.

"All right," he said. "I'll try for to-morrow night."

Since the show was a smash hit, however, no pair of seats was available until that day week. Jimmy solaced himself in the interval by sending Miss Drew flowers. He

sent them every day—boxes of roses, boxes of lilies, baskets tied up with ribbon. For the Friday night he sent her a spray of white orchids so exquisite and expensive that Caroline, writing her fifth note of thanks in five days, found herself stumped for superlatives.

From six till seven, while she ought to have been dressing, she sat and stared at the paper and wondered what on earth she could say. The whole sequence of events bewildered her; he first meeting, the wonderful invitation, the abrupt dismissal, then the ticket for the theatre and the endless supply of flowers, each bouquet accompanied simply by Mr. Brock's card. Not one of her notes had been answered, there was no suggestion of a further meeting; and yet those flowers still came . . .

"I'll leave it," thought Caroline, fearing up her hour's work. "He knows I'm grateful, and he knows where I'll be sitting, and if he really cares about seeing me he'll send round."

Then she put on her new frock, and her sister Mary's best pair of evening stockings, and took a taxi to the theatre. She arrived so early that there was only one other person in the stalls, a bearded Frenchman who had actually the next seat, and who evidently appreciated her appearance. Caroline found herself returning his smile; it was pleasant to know that she looked nice, in case Mr. Brock sent for her . . .

But no summons came. Caroline waited till the theatre was empty and went home by bus.

"Well?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"I am surprised," said Lerougetel. "I congratulate you. I did not think you had so much sense. She is undoubtedly a very pleasant and capable young person."

"Isn't she lovely?"

Lerougetel waved his hand. "Of course. But I did more than look at her for you. We conversed during the interval, and though slightly absent-minded she was frank and friendly, quite mistress of herself, quite unembarrassed. There is the good in the Anglo-Saxon."

"Did she say," asked Jimmy nervously, "anything about me?"

"A great deal. She thinks you are wonderful. You had better take off that foolish mask, and ask her to marry you, and—"

"And what?"

"And stop wasting my time," finished Lerougetel, "because I am a very busy man."

Jimmy also was a busy man; and it was the knowledge that he was spending far too much time and energy thinking about Miss Drew—that his work, in short, was beginning to suffer—which finally decided him to take Lerougetel's advice and put the whole question to a desperate test. He wrote inviting Miss Drew to come round after the Wednesday matinee to his dressing-room, choosing that locale because the air of the theatre, where he had found such success, always gave him confidence.

He needed all the confidence he could get. When Miss Drew came in, looking even more adorable than he remembered, his courage nearly failed. Caroline was nervous, also; as they shook hands—in silence, because they were both slightly short of breath—both their hands trembled. In so tense an atmosphere, however, Jimmy found it unexpectedly easy to cut out all conventional greetings and go straight to the point.

"Please tell me something," he said. "Have you ever wondered what I look like?"

Caroline stared up into the mask.

"Why, like that, of course. I mean—it's conventionalised, dramatised, but it is like you, isn't it? I've read about it in the papers; how you went to an artist for a mask, and how everything he tried turned into your own face, because your personality had so overwhelmed him . . ."

Jimmy laughed bitterly. "You can't have been a journalist long," he said. "That was a pretty little fiction invented by my Press agent." And he sat down at the dressing-table and took off his mask.

From behind him came a startled gasp. Miss Drew was staring first at his face, then at the photograph. "I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "I should have told you at the time. I haven't got a kid brother. That's me."

Her cheeks were scarlet. "My name," continued Jimmy doggedly, "isn't Jan Brock, either. It's Jimmy Bolt. I live with my mother and sister, and save money, and like a quiet, ordinary life. I did

want a motor-bike, but Cartwright wouldn't let me have one in case of accidents."

He laid the mask neatly in its box, and went over to the basin and washed his face. He scrubbed hard, till it was pink and shiny and his hair stood up like a brown brush. Then he turned to Miss Drew again.

"No glamor," he said wryly. "No glamor at all . . . So now you know all about me. You've seen me dance, and you've seen my face, and you know the sort of chap I am. There's nothing to find out, because I'm so ordinary, but a man I know says I'd make an excellent husband. He said I'd do no good by waiting—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I wanted," explained Jimmy, "to ask you to marry me. I've been wanting to ever since that ball. But now I know how you feel about me—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline again. "Mr. Brock, Mr. Bolt, I do like you very much! I can't tell you how sorry I am that I—that I hurt your feelings! I like you, and admire you, but—oh, it's all so different!"

"I know," said Jimmy apologetically. "I'm just not the sort of fellow anyone falls in love with. That chap—he nodded towards the mask—"Is. I expect you'd like some tea."

"Yes, I should," said Caroline.

For the first time during their conversation Jimmy, his eye still on the mask, smiled.

"He'd have said 'a cocktail.' That's the difference between us. And he'd have taken you to the Savoy. I keep a kettle here, because I like to make tea myself. If you look in that cupboard you'll find some buns."

CAROLINE hesitated. The buns were an anti-climax; she had a notion that she ought to leave at once, possibly after a last silent hand-clasp. But she had said she wanted tea, she did want tea, and Jimmy was already filling the kettle. She opened the cupboard, and found a biscuit-tin and took out the cakes.

"Now let's be comfortable," said Jimmy, with a grin.

And strangely enough, after the first moments of constraint, they were. The domesticity of the tea-making, the fact that they now had something to do with their hands, put them at ease; they felt, moreover, the sudden intimacy that arises between two strangers who have narrowly escaped being knocked down by the same bus.

They had both been through a bad moment, and the descent from emotional heights to common ground was equally grateful. Jimmy talked seriously about his dancing, Caroline told him about her work on "Home Gossip." She was also able to tell him about the current plays, for Jimmy could never visit the theatre, and he had an unsophisticated reverence for straight shows. In this way half an hour passed almost pleasantly; and then, as Caroline made ready to go, a most extraordinary thing happened.

Jimmy went to the dressing-table, and took up the mask, and slipped it over his head.

"I want to say good-bye," he explained. "And I want to see you look sorry . . ."

Caroline started. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Mr. Brock!" she cried. "Jimmy!"

"Well?"

"Take it off! Please!"

Beautiful, cynical, mysterious, the mask stared back at her.

"Why?"

"Because I don't like it! Not after knowing you! It's dead, and uncanny, and—beastly! Please take it off!"

Behind the papier-mâché Jimmy felt the blood rush up his cheeks, drum in his ears, burn at the roots of his hair. He came out of the mask red as a tomato, shiny, dishevelled . . .

"That's better," said Caroline.

About two weeks after they became engaged, Caroline and Jimmy went



FOR A DAY in the country—impeccable grey flannel slacks are topped with a navy, red, and grey wool sweater. A colorful bandana keeps rebellious curls in check.

to take tea in the park, and Caroline saw someone she knew.

"Look, darling!" she said. "That's the man who sat next to me at your show."

Jimmy turned, and saw Lerougetel. The artist advanced towards them, his eyebrows up in an expression of pleased astonishment.

"I know him too," said Jimmy hastily. "I dare say I sent him that seat. He's all right, but a bit queer. I mean—you mustn't mind anything he says."

The warning was well timed. Lerougetel's first words were, to Caroline at least, completely meaningless.

"Aha!" exclaimed Lerougetel warmly. "The triumph of reason!"

"What on earth," asked Caroline, "do you mean by that?"

Without waiting to be invited, the

artist pulled up a chair, and sat down, and regarded them both with an expression of great benevolence.

"Your marriage that is going to take place," he said. "I read of it in the newspaper. Allow me, Miss Drew, to congratulate you very heartily indeed."

"Thank you," said Caroline, still slightly bewildered. "But what do you mean by reason? The triumph of reason—?"

Lerougetel settled himself more

comfortably in his chair.

"I will tell you," he said. "Or, rather, you shall tell me. Why are you to marry my friend Jimmy Bolt? Because he is a talented and serious young man, with whom you can look forward to a safe and prosperous future—"

"Oh, no!" cried Caroline.

The artist sat up.

"No? Then why?"

"Because I fell in love with him, of course."

Lerougetel waved his big hands impatiently.

"As you say, of course! But the reason you fell in love was because, as I say, he is an excellent and prudent young man, who—"

"No!" repeated Caroline. "Oh, no!"

"Then in the name of heaven, why?"

"Because," said Caroline firmly, "he has such a nice face."

For nearly a minute Lerougetel stared speechlessly. Then laughter overwhelmed him. He laughed till he nearly fell off his chair, till he had to get up and throw himself down on the grass in order to laugh at his ease.

"You English!" he roared. "You Anglo-Saxons! You are too much even for me!"

Scandalised, discomfited, but still tolerant, Jimmy turned to his fiancée.

"You mustn't mind," he said apologetically. "You see, he's French . . ."

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The Doctor Tells You What to do ABOUT THE HEALTH OF YOUR TEETH

PATIENT: Doctor, I clean my teeth carefully night and morning, yet they still decay. Is there anything I can do to prevent cavities forming in them?

Doctor: More than brushing is needed to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Once it was thought that a clean tooth could never decay. Now it has been proved that the right sort of diet is also essential to healthy teeth.

Teeth are not lifeless objects set in your jaws. They are living and are affected by the general condition of your body.

A strong, healthy person brought up on a well-chosen diet will be rewarded by having sound, healthy teeth, whereas a person living on a badly balanced diet will usually have poor teeth.

There are exceptions to this rule, but scientific evidence is fast accumulating on the side of right food.

Some people complain that though they take good care they still have poor teeth. These people are unfortunate, because care in later life will not improve teeth which have been neglected in childhood.

Actually, teeth are rather like houses. They must have good foundations to stand up to the wear and tear of living.

Study among children

INTERESTING experiments in this respect were carried out recently in America. Two groups of children were selected from a large dental clinic, the first group composed of those who were comparatively free from dental caries or decay, and the second group from those among whom it was common.

The children in the first group had well-shaped mouths, while those in the second frequently suffered from malformation of the jaws and imperfect occlusion.

Inflamed and unhealthy gums, too, were four times as frequent among Group No. 2.

Yet both groups used their tooth-brushes regularly and claimed that they kept their teeth clean.

Obviously the decay among the second group of children was due then to causes other than insufficient cleaning.

Indeed, staining of the teeth, usually an indication of hasty and haphazard brushing, was slightly higher among the children with the better teeth. It does not follow, however, that brushing is unnecessary.

Even if it were of no value in warding off decay, ordinary oral hygiene would require that the teeth be kept clean, as well as white and sparkling for appearance sake.

Also, proper brushing stimulates the circulation of the gums and keeps them firm and healthy, for no tooth can be healthy in an unhealthy gum.

The foundations of a child's teeth are actually laid before it is born, and for this reason the health of the mother during pregnancy is very important.

Whether her baby will possess

good or poor teeth depends on whether or not she eats sufficient mineral-rich foods.

Factors of significance during pregnancy such as the age and general health of the mother and character of her diet were considered in the American study already mentioned.

Of the first group 78 per cent. of the mothers were rated either "excellent" or "good" in these respects, while in the second only 28 per cent. were considered "good."

Similarly the health and progress of the children during the first year were considered.

A most interesting point discovered was that among the children who possessed good teeth breast-feeding was frequent.

This should be a great argument in favor of breast feeding, for breast milk is able to meet all the requirements of human tissues. Breast feeding is important, too, in determining the proper shape and development of the jaws because it supplies exercise for the jaws.

The most striking differences were found in the diets of the two groups. They were carefully examined with special reference to the "protective" foods, i.e., foods rich in vitamin and mineral content, such as milk, fruit, salad vegetables, cheese and wholemeal bread.

In Group No. 1, 57 per cent. of the children lived on an adequate diet.

In Group No. 2, only 11 per cent. were found to do so and in this group the amount of sweets and cakes eaten, especially between meals, was high.

This led to the children of this group having a poor appetite. Also the children in this second group lived largely on cakes, pastry, white bread and jam, and other refined cereals to the exclusion of the more necessary protective foods.



EMILIE, one of the Dionne Quintuplets, cleans her teeth before bed. Dr. Dajoe, the "Quins'" physician, believes that regular brushing is necessary to give the teeth and gums good exercise, as well as to clean the teeth.

This difference in diet was found to be due not to a difference in income, but to lack of parental control in supervising the amount of sweets which the children ate, and to a more intelligent expenditure among the families of Group No. 1.

These experiments are interesting because of the light they throw upon the importance of early care and training upon teeth.

A diet rich in minerals is necessary not only to an expectant mother, but to growing children in particular.

Such a diet is based on milk, eggs, vegetables, especially the green leafy ones, fruit, whole grain bread, and whole grain cereals, which contain the valuable minerals milled out by refining.

Hard foods which need to be chewed and give the gums exercise play their part in keeping teeth and gums healthy.

Periodical visits to the dentist, too, help to nip trouble in the bud, as it were, and are therefore essential.

So to brushing night and morning—or, better still, after each meal.



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For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Signposts in baby's progress

MANY young mothers worry themselves unnecessarily about their babies' progress, and are always very anxious to know at what age their babies should sit up, walk, talk, etc. There is, however, a big margin of normality in all these activities of the babe and toddler, and often any anxiety is quite unnecessary.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4688WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



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PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Frock and sun-bonnet

Now you can have for your little girl a dainty frock and sun-bonnet just like those worn by the tiny starlet, Baby Sandy, of Universal.

THE frock and bonnet, both unusual and smart in design, may be obtained from our Needlework Department in linora in shades of white, cream, blue, pink, green, and yellow.

The material is traced with pattern for cutting out bonnet and frock and making up and with design for working the dainty floral motif on the frock.

Sizes and prices are:

One to 2 years, frock, 2/6; bonnet, 1/11.
Two to 4 years, frock, 2/9; bonnet, 1/11.

To finish off the frock use large pearl buttons or covered buttons down the front for fastening. The neat ruffle round the neckline is only a straight strip of material gathered on to the edge of the neck.

The bonnet should be in the same color as the frock.

If desired a paper pattern for the frock and sun-bonnet can be obtained for 1/- No transfer available.



No. 59

PLAYSUIT for the tiny tot, obtainable in white or colored linora. Traced for making up and working with fish motif on the front and on the two little pockets.

YOU can obtain the playsuit from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and with the fish motif for working on the pockets and front top.

The material is linora and the colors are cream, lemon, pink, blue, and green.

Sizes and prices are:

One to 2 years, 2/6, plus 1d. for postage.

Two to 4 years, 2/9, plus 1d. for postage.

Paper pattern of playsuit, price 1/- Transfer, 1/- extra.

FROCK and sun-bonnet like those worn by Baby Sandy here can be obtained from our Needlework Department in white or colored linora, traced for making up and working.

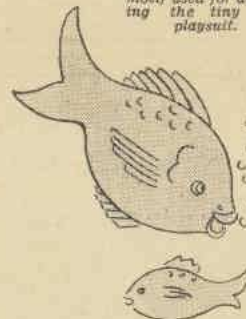


No. 63

Tiny tot's playsuit...

The most useful little garment you could find for the toddler. Available in good wearing linora, which launders perfectly. Paper pattern also obtainable for those wanting to make up the design in their own material.

BELOW: Close-up of the amusing fish motif used for adorning the tiny tot's playsuit.



SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 2854, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4097, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4916, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 10007, G.P.O. If calling, 178 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 155, P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Small girl's frock Matching panties available, too...

THIS dainty set for the small girl may be obtained from our Needlework Department all ready for making up and working.

The pattern and embroidery design are traced on linora in colors of white, green, blue, yellow, pink, and green.

The frock features a little yoke offset by scalloping and floral work and puff sleeves. The skirt is slightly flared and the neckline is finished with a small Peter Pan collar.

Sizes and prices are:

Two to 4 years, frock, 2/11; bloomers, 1/11.

Four to 6 years, frock, 2/9; bloomers, 2/6.

Paper patterns of frock and bloomers, 1/6. No transfer available.



No. 64

THIS little frock and the matching bloomers, specially designed for the small girl, are available in white or colored linora, traced for making up and working.

END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two **NYAL FIGSEN** tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. **NYAL FIGSEN** is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

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a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissues, devastating and finally destroying them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 2/9 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 319 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 179 Lill Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Blich, Chemists Ltd., 35 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice**—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice**.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

HOW TO PLACE PICTURES

IT is the little things in your house—like books, pictures, and other accessories—that give the rooms charm and individuality, that express something of yourself. Select and place your pictures to harmonise with your decorative schemes.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



A FRIENDLY and attractive arrangement of pictures in a living-room in the home of Judy Garland, MGM star. These gay, modern prints are hung against a cream-painted wall in a symmetrical trio, and give character to a cosy corner.

NOT so long ago pictures were used too generously and without discrimination.

Then came a period when pictures were banished altogether, or used very sparsely.

The latter period has had a good effect. Now that pictures are creeping back into the interior decorator's scheme of things, they are being used with discretion.

A few pictures, chosen with an eye to the decorative scheme of the room and in harmony with each other, are the general rule.

The living-room will, of course, take the bulk of your treasures. Other rooms need no more than one or two. Bedrooms, for instance, seldom have space for more, apart from the fact that many pictures in a bedroom are not in good taste. Neither is the dining-room the place for a picture gallery.

The exceptions, of course, are rooms that are used as bed-sitting rooms or living-dining rooms.

Before you start hanging your pictures, stand in the middle of the room and, in imagination, try each picture in every possible position. The object is to find not only the most suitable part of the wall for each picture, but also the correct height.

There is a tendency to place pictures too high, so that they are out of range of normal vision and have to be looked at from a wrong angle.

If you take the eye level of an average person as the limit of height, you have a fairly wide band in which to arrange pictures at various levels, for it would be monotonous to have them all at the same level.

It is a happy idea to have some pictures hung so that they come properly into view only when you sit down. Small, intimate studies, which might otherwise be overlooked, are usually charming hung low like this.

Pictures hung at eye level should be fairly flat against the wall, so



HERE is a method of using several pictures together—colored hunting prints in this case—and of giving interest to and brightening the brown wall-panelling in an otherwise dark corner.

that they look straight out into the room and do not seem to be peering down at the floor.

It is well from time to time to hold a survey of your pictures in order to see where a reshuffle of positions is possible, for by setting them in new light you often give old friends, taken for granted through familiarity, fresh significance.

It isn't necessary, either, to call

a halt to picture collecting when the walls of your room are adequately adorned. If you acquire a store of substitutes they will enable you to send one or other of your treasures into retirement occasionally so that it can emerge later to shine with new grace.

As to frames, remember that as a rule a frame should never draw to itself the attention which should belong to the picture.



IN THIS living-room the only wall decoration is a large mural over the fireplace. Actually this picture is the focal point of interest in the room, the furniture being grouped in harmonious relation to it. Notice how the twin pieces of furniture provide balance.



"Just look at Freda," said Soap, Crackle and Pop. "There she is sulking away in the corner because Mummy wouldn't let her go off to school till she'd eaten her breakfast. And THIS is what happens nearly every morning."

"Cheer up," said Soap, Crackle and Pop to Mummy Jones. "We'll soon fix Freda with this plateful of Kellogg's oven-popped rice. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Soap, Crackle and Pop when you pour on the milk." No sooner said than done. Freda's tears changed to smiles as soon as she heard all that cute "snap, crackle and popping" on her plate.



Now Freda sits down happily every morning to a big plateful of crunchy golden Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. And this fascinating Soap, Crackle and Pop breakfast is doing her the world of good! Remember, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with energising nourishment that every growing youngster needs. They're easily digested, too! Get a packet of these delicious Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer today!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's. They are ideal emergency biscuits.



WILLIAM ARNOTT PTY. LIMITED

WITH EARLY MORNING TEA



BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN



AT 11 O'CLOCK



AT LUNCH WITH BUTTER & CHEESE



FOR AFTERNOON TEA



FOR SUPPER WITH BUTTER, CHEESE, JAM, OR HONEY



Arnott's

FAMOUS

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S